

The American Girl

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume IV, Number 7

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FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
One Dollar and Half per year



Paul Thompson

The Bird Hunters!

Effective April, 1921

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

(NOTICE: These prices are subject to change without notice)

No Scout equipment will be sold without a written O. K. from the Captain.

State Sizes Desired for Uniforms, Hats and Belts

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From April 1st to May 15th, the stiff board cover edition of the Official Scout Handbook will be the only copy available at Headquarters. This sells at \$1.00. The reprint of the flexible cover edition will be completed by May 15th, 1921.

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For Price List of Flags See Page 31

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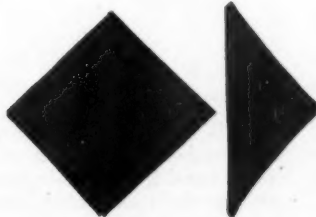
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(This must not be a personal subscription)

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Hostess Badge



There are a great many things which we can study out, alone by ourselves. If you want the Scribe's Badge, for instance, you can shut yourself up in the library and write till you write well enough to get it. If you practice long enough on your bicycle, you can wear a neat little wheel on your sleeve.

But nobody can learn to be a hostess all alone. You cannot shake hands with yourself, or give a successful party to yourself, very well, can you? And as for writing a polite note to yourself, expressing gratitude for the charming visit you made yourself last week—it simply can't be done!

And yet the Hostess Badge is a very pleasant badge to own, isn't it? It is very comfortable to feel that we know how to behave in various cir-

cumstances and that we can be at our ease and put others at their ease. Only, how are we going to prove it?

It would seem that this was a very jolly opportunity to use our troop as a training class and win this badge by practicing on one another. Why not give up signalling and knot tying and bed making for once or twice, and let one Patrol entertain the others? Why not give your Council a tea, and prove to them in the plainest way that you desire this badge?

Perhaps some Scout has thought up an interesting and practical way of winning it and will write us how she did it. Perhaps some one Patrol has an idea of how to divide up the test so as to give everyone a fair number of points in it. THE AMERICAN GIRL will be delighted to print these ideas.

It seems quite clear that in order to prove that you know how to behave in company you must *behave* there—not write about it! A girl might write a charming little essay about how one *ought* to behave and then completely upset her argument by awkward, stiff or inconsiderate manners, when it came to a test.

You cannot be a hostess on paper. So put your wits to work, girls, and then tell us how you convinced your Council that you deserved this fascinating badge!

Athlete Badge



How many Girl Scout baseball nines are there? We should very much like a good picture of a contest between two troops. These are

great days to get out of doors for athletics, and an inter-troop basketball game with a picnic supper afterwards, served to the winners by the losers (or the other way 'round!) would make all the outsiders anxious to be Scouts!

Health Winner



These are the wonderful days, before it gets too hot and dusty, when Girl Scouts should fly out of school rooms and moving pictures and all four walls in general, and make a bee-line for out of doors! Never mind if the whole troop can't go: you don't have to do everything as a troop. Get your own Patrol,

and take some sandwiches and cookies and some sausages to roast on sticks, and jump on a trolley and get out of town. Our sisters, the English Girl Guides are better and longer walkers than we are, and perhaps that's why they have pinker cheeks!

"So, pack up your luncheon in your brown knapsack, and hike, hike, hike!"

GOLDEN EAGLET

Lillian Plotkin—Troop 25, Toledo, Ohio—Josephine Adams, Troop 25, Toledo, Ohio—Gwendolyn Collins, Troop 25, Toledo, Ohio—Dorothy Kanrich, Troop 12, Boston, Mass.—Grace Remington, Troop 5, Orange, N. J.

SILVER CROSS

Teresa Wells, Troop 7, Buffalo—Priscilla Chipman, Mildred Quigley, Ruth Whittaker, Lois Pfeiffer and Elizabeth Rhodes of Troop 1, Attleboro, Mass.

SEWING WITHOUT MOTHER'S HELP

Any girl who is anxious to sew and win both her Needlewoman's and Dressmaking badge will find this little book of great help. The directions are given so clearly that even the smallest Scout will find no difficulty in following them. Some original ideas as to utilizing cloth—such as making old shirts into aprons—are given. This book may be obtained through the publishers, The Nourse Company, 114 East 23d St., New York City, for \$1.00.

NATIONAL FIELD CAPTAIN STUDIES ENGLISH PRO-GRAMS

Miss Cora Nelson, National Girl Scout Field Captain, who has charge of organizing Girl Scout troops in District, No. 4 (New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland) has been sent by National Headquarters to England to study the Brownie and Girl Guide programs.

The need for a Brownie program has long been felt and Miss Nelson is going to take five weeks of intensive training to study the English system. She will attend the following training courses: Derbyshire Training Week, March 26th to April 2d; Swanwick Conference, April 5th-12th; Edinburgh (Scotch School), April 12th to 19th; the Brown Owl Training Week at Cambridge, April 19th to 26th; and the Devon Camp, April 26th to 29th.



THE FIRST OF MAY

By Virginia Matthias

Girl Scout Captain of Westport, Conn.



Cast of Characters

King, Queen, Princess Marguerita, Dorinda, daughter of the chief cook; Minstrel, Griselda, nurse; Oberon, king of the fairies; Titania, queen of the fairies.

Fairies—Blossom, Rose Petal, Drop o' Dew, Sunbeam, Orchis, Lilicup.

ACT I

Time: Many, many years ago.

Place: A land far away—a wood near the palace.

Enter: Oberon, Titania and fairies, dancing (music, Mendelssohn's Spring Song).

Oberon (as dance ceases):—Today is the first of May, and all the world is glad! Dids't hear the song the buttercups were singing as we passed across the meadow?

Titania:—And the little brook quite overflowed with happiness and joy!

Blossom:—And as I came by the palace I heard the little princess singing most merrily of all!

Oberon:—Ay, today is the little princess's birthday—

Titania:—And she will be crowned queen of the May! How gaily will the peasants disport themselves upon the green, singing and dancing and flinging wreaths and bouquets at their queen! Oh, the whole world is happy today!

Rose Petal:—Is it true, oh king, that the rulers of this land, the parents of the little princess, do not look upon us with favor?

Oberon (sadly):—More than that, Rose Petal! They do not believe that we fairies exist!

Fairies exclaim excitedly and indignantly together.

Rose Petal:—Oh, why? why?

Drop o' Dew:—Oh how could they be so foolish!

Sunbeam:—They must be made to believe!

Orchis:—Mortals are so ignorant!

Lilicup:—Let us punish them.

Blossom:—We must show these foolish rulers that we really do exist.

Drop o' Dew:—Yes, let us punish them!

Fairies:—Yes, let us punish them!

Oberon:—Think you they will believe if we punish them?

Fairies:—Yes, Yes!

Oberon:—Then what plan would'st thou propose?

Titania:—Knowest thou the little princess, how obedient she is, and modest and sweet?

Fairies:—Yes, she is a good princess.

Titania:—And knowest thou the little Dorinda, daughter of the chief cook, how naughty she is, and bold and disobedient?

Fairies:—Yes, yes!

Titania:—She is the same age as the little princess. They are four years old today.

Oberon:—Ah, thou wouldst make Dorinda become the princess, and change Marguerita to a little wench!

Fairies (together, enthusiastically):

Blossom:—Fine! Fine!

Rose Petal:—A good plan!

Drop o' Dew:—Oh, wise Titania!

Sunbeam:—Let us do it at once!

Orchis:—Come, let us go now!

Lilicup:—Let us find the princess!

Oberon:—Let us not be too hasty! Let us first consider well.

Titania:—Hark! The mortals approach! Away, fairies, away!

(Fairies scamper off. Enter King and Queen.)

Queen:—How beautiful is the day! So peaceful, so happy, so bright!

King:—And how wondrous will be the scene—the crowning of the May Queen—our little daughter!

Queen:—It will surely be quite fairy-like in its beauty and splendor.

King:—Say not "fairy-like," dear queen. Dost thou not know that we have no fairies? Such foolish notions our peasant folk entertain. They believe in myths—ghosts, goblins, elves, fairies and other magic.

Queen:—Yes, dear king, we are above such idle imaginings. But will it not be beautiful—our little daughter drawn in her flower-decked coach to her throne of roses on the hill! Come, let us go!

(Exit king and queen.)

Enter Oberon, who blows whistle. Fairies appear)

Blossom:—Dids't hear them?

Rose Petal:—What further proof do we need of their folly?

Drop o' Dew:—Come, let us hasten to punish them!

All:—Yes, do not delay!

(Chant by the fairies)

"Oh, gracious and good are the king and the queen

But we'll punish them, yes indeed. They're gentle and kind and they're just we have seen—

But we'll punish them, yes indeed! For they think that no fairies e'er romp through the wood,

Or flit o'er the meadow, as gay fairies should,

Or dance as the wee fairies could, And we'll punish them, yes, indeed!"

Oberon:—The little princess will pass this way with her waiting maid on the way to the festivities.

Titania:—We shall cause a deep sleep to fall upon the maid, while we weave our spells about the two babes.

Oberon: Go, Orchis and Lilicup and fetch the cook's child!

(Exit Orchis and Lilicup)

Titania:—Hark, the princess comes!

Oberon:—Hide, fairies, hide! (Fairies hide behind trees and rocks.)

Enter Griselda with Marguerita)

Griselda:—Thou needst be a good girl, Your Highness, when they come to make thee Queen o' the May! But there! Thou art ever such a sweet princess, that I need not admonish thee to be good!

Marguerita:—And what must I do, Griselda?

Griselda:—Let us sit here, dear princess, and I shall tell thee.

Marguerita:—Yes, Griselda.
(*Griselda and Marguerita are seated on rock*)

Griselda:—The peasant folk will come to thee with a cart which will be covered with flowers, and thou must step upon it.

Marguerita:—Yes, Griselda.

Griselda:—And then—

(*Oberon advances, waving wand*)

And then—(*sleepily*) thou must—(*yawns*) thou—thou—(*sleeps*)

Marguerita (*sees Oberon*):—Oh, look! look!

(*Oberon blows whistle. Fairies appear*)

Oberon:—Come, let us to work!
(*Fairies circle round princess, waving wands. Marguerita sleeps. Orchis and Lilicup enter dragging Dorinda, who is kicking and screaming.*)

Dorinda:—No! no! I won't come! I won't! I won't!

(*Dorinda is placed beside Marguerita. Fairies circle around waving wands. Dorinda sleeps. Fairies move closer. Marguerita and Dorinda change garments.*)

(*Fairies serving as screen, white fairies chant.*)

"Hm-m-m-m-m-Wink - te - wunk - te-wy-noodle ny nonny no

Hm-m-m-m-m-Princess change to wench and wench to princess O"

Oberon:—Now, Orchis and Lilicup, take away the princess who has become a wench.

(*Orchis and Lilicup take away Marguerita. Fairies exeunt.*)

Griselda (*awakes*):—Oh, me! I have slept! Come, Your Highness! (*Shakes princess*) Let us hasten!

Princess (*awakes*):—No, No. I won't!

Griselda:—Why, princess, what is the matter! (*Stands her on her feet and takes her hand*) Come! (*Princess screams and draws away.*)

Griselda:—Why, Your Highness, I have never known you thus! Come, Come, I say!

Princess:—I won't! I won't! I won't!

(*Griselda drags princess away, kicking and screaming.*)

(CURTAIN)

ACT II

Time: Several years later.

Place: Same.

(*King and queen seated on rustic bench*)

Queen:—Yes, indeed, dear king, it is quite time we curbed the bold arrogance of our daughter, and brought her haughty spirit to a fall. Alas, that one of such sweet promise should so disappoint us! Remember you how, obedient and innocent, our Marguerita disported

herself about this wood when a babe, heeding our every word?

King:—Ay, and then the quick change which came o'er her. On her fourth birthday, was it not, dear queen?

Queen:—The first of May, it was.

King:—And since that day she has been naught but a source of suffering and distress.

Queen:—Mayhap, oh king, there are fairies who flit through the wood and dance upon the green as the peasants say. Were it possible, think you, that angered by our denial of their existence, they caused our daughter to become the bold, haughty princess that she is?

King:—I know not—it may be. Strange tales have come to me. One good man stumbled coming from the pasture, spilling the milk, but when he reached his door, he found the pail full to the brim. Another—a rascal—was in the act of carrying away a bag of gold which he had stolen, when the bag turned to a huge rock, nigh crushing him with its weight.

Queen:—And peasant folk often declare that they have seen fairies dancing upon this very green.

King:—It may be—it may be. (*Sounds of an approach without.*) Hark! Someone comes! (*Enter princess, wench and Griselda.*)

Princess:—Come now, wench, tell me, am I not the most beautiful lady in the whole land?

Wench:—The most beautiful, Your Highness.

Princess:—But thou speakest not those words as if they were thy true thoughts. Come, wench, none of thine insolence!

King: Nay daughter, speak not so! The wench is obedient and respectful. Nay, more! She is gently forbearing with the ungraciousness which marks thine every word. Thou wouldst do well to learn from her virtue and modesty. Then, belike thou wouldst find favor in the sight of the people of this realm, who now both despise and hate thee.

Princess:—What! I learn from this impudent hussy! Nay, rather would I hang from yonder tree!

Queen:—Oh come, let us away! for to see her thus is more than I can bear!

(*Exit King and Queen*)

Princess:—Give me my mirror, wench. (*Wench gives it to her, glancing into it herself*) What! Darest thou to gaze into my mirror? Canst thou imagine thyself good to look upon? Ha! Then even the toads may flaunt their beauty!

(*Music is heard approaching*)

Who comes? Haste, wench, and see!

Wench (*turns to look*):—It is a minstrel, Your Highness.

Princess:—Ah, he is come, doubtless, to sing my praises. Sit you on yonder rock, but first arrange my robes becomingly about me.

(*Princess seats herself on rustic bench. Wench arranges robes, then retires to rock which should be at one side and toward the front of stage. Wench turns face away from princess. Enter minstrel singing and playing. Ukulele, banjo or mandolin may be used.*)

Minstrel's Song. — (Tune: Oh Winds of the Southern Sea.)

"Oh, I am a minstrel gay,
I come from a land far away,
Through all the world I go,
Singing to friend and foe,
Seeking a lady fair,
With wondrous shining hair,
And when I find her
I'll ask her hand,
The prettiest maid in the land."

Princess:—What art thou, fellow?

Minstrel:—But a wandering minstrel, fair lady, as my song did say. I go singing through the whole land, and seeking, as I go, the most beautiful lady on earth.

Princess:—That am I, minstrel. Let thy search be ended. Now sing me a lay that shall concern itself with my beauty.

Minstrel:—(Tune, Here Comes a Duke a-riding)

"There is a wondrous maiden, a maiden, a maiden,

There is a wondrous maiden,
With a rum-de-dum-de-diddle-de-de,
and a rum-de-diddle-de-de."

(*Second verse*)

This maiden is a princess, a princess, a princess,

This maiden is a—

(*Wench turns her head toward minstrel, who sees her, breaks off his song, and takes a few steps toward her.*)

Minstrel (*to wench*):—Ah, beautiful maiden! Fairest of—

Princess (*rising and stamping foot*):—Wretch! To call any beautiful but me! (*Advancing toward wench who shrinks away*) Vile creature! Vermin! To continually flaunt thine insolence before mine eyes! (*Strikes her*) Take thy punishment, wench, and keep thyself from my presence. (*Strikes her again. Wench sinks to ground and covers face with hands.*)

Minstrel (*starts toward wench*):—Ah, princess, what hast thou done!

Princess:—Nay, minstrel, come thou with me and sing uninterrupted. (*Exit princess followed by minstrel reluctantly.*)

Wench (*risks slowly and sits upon rock*):—His eyes did look upon me and he called me fair! Me—Dorinda—the wench—he called me beautiful! Oh, that I were a princess—that he might sing to me! And perhaps—perhaps—

(*Enter minstrel swiftly—stops suddenly, and on seeing wench advances quickly.*)

Minstrel:—Ah, wondrous maiden, the arrogant princess could not keep me from thee! Throughout the world have I sought thee!

Wench:—*Thou has sought me?*

Minstrel:—Ay—have sought thee—have sought through all earth's furthest corners the most beautiful maiden in the world, and now do mine eyes feast themselves upon her!

Wench (*looking around*):—I do not see her. Where is she?

Minstrel:—Oh, modest, winsome, little wench, thou art that maiden!

Wench:—Oh! Thou callest me beautiful? Me?—Dorinda—who am I but the least of the waiting maids that dwell within the castle? Thou callest me beautiful?

Minstrel:—The most beautiful upon earth and (*kneeling*) I am come to ask thy love. Ah, sweetest maiden, look thou into mine eyes and tell me if—

Wench (*rising*):—*Thou askest me to love thee?*

Minstrel (*rising*):—Nay, more! I ask thy hand. Long have I searched for thee—deny me not!

Wench (*wonderingly*):—He asks me that! Me—who thought myself unworthy to give my hand to even the least of his majesty's shepherds that keep their flocks upon yonder hills. (*Hesitatingly takes a step toward minstrel*) Minstrel, I—I love thee!

Minstrel (*kisses her hand*):—Ah, love, we will hie us forth to the realm that awaits me—

Wench (*startled*):—The realm that awaits thee!

Minstrel:—Ay—the realm that awaits me! Know, then, that I am no minstrel, but am Mysalng, Prince of Banziroon, whose borders lie to the east. Dressed as a minstrel I have sought far and wide one fitted to rule my kingdom with me. Now I have found her! Come—let us hie us hence!

Wench:—Thou—a prince! (*Covers face with hands*) Alas! Alas! I can never marry a prince.

Minstrel:—But, my love—

Wench:—Nay, leave me!

Minstrel:—But, my love—

Wench:—Nay speak not—I cannot bear it! Oh, leave me, I pray thee!

(*Exit minstrel sorrowfully*) Alas! how quickly doth bright joy depart,

leaving but black sorrow in its stead!

(CURTAIN)

Act III

Time: The next day—again the first of May.

Place: The same.

(*Enter Oberon. Sits upon rock in meditative attitude. Enter Blossom.*)

Blossom:—Oberon, I have something to tell thee!

Oberon:—Tell on, Blossom, but first let me call the fairy troop. (*Blows whistle. Fairies appear.*)

Oberon:—Now, Blossom, tell on!

Blossom:—Rememberest thou that we fairies did punish the rulers of this land because they would not believe in us?

Oberon:—Ay—

Blossom:—Yestre'en as I flitted through the wood, I heard them talking. They now believe, oh King! Our punishment has availed.

Titania:—Oh, then we may again weave our spells and charm the princess back to her former estate!

All:—Yes, yes! Let us be about it!

Oberon:—Today is again the first of May, and once more will the peasants gather to crown the May Queen. Will they not rejoice when they discover the real princess!

All:—Oh, yes, indeed!

Blossom:—Hush! The wench comes!

Oberon:—Go, Orchis and Lilicup and fetch the proud princess. She is yet asleep.

(*Exit Orchis and Lilicup. Fairies hide. Enter wench slowly and sadly. Seats herself on rock.*)

Wench:—If he were a minstrel—if he were a minstrel—but he is a prince—possessor of great lands—ruler over many people—and I am but a wench—(*fairies emerge, waving wands*) and unworthy—unworthy—(*sleeps*)

(*Orchis and Lilicup drag in princess on rug, placing her beside wench. Fairies circle around, chanting as before.*)

Hm-m-m-m-m-mwink - te - wunk - te - wy-noodle-ny-nunny-no

Hm-m-m-m-m-m-m Princess change to wench and wench to princess.

(*Fairies break away showing princess changed to wench and wench to princess.*)

Oberon:—Now, away with the wench!

(*Orchis and Lilicup drag away wench, returning shortly to the other fairies. Fairies retire to back of stage except Oberon and Titania who stand one on either side of Marguerita. Marguerita wakes, sits up, and on noticing her dress and*

jewels, starts up.)

Marguerita:—Oh, where am I? What mean these royal robes? These jewels? (*To Titania*) and who art thou? (*To Oberon*) And thou?

Oberon:—I am Oberon, king of the fairies.

Titania:—I am Titania, their queen.

Oberon and Titania:—We give thee hearty greeting, princess.

Marguerita (*bewildered*):—Thou callest me princess?

Oberon:—And princess thou art. Many years ago in punishment of thy parents' unbelief thou wast made wench. Now they have ceased from scoffing, and thou, oh princess, hast been charmed back to thy rightful estate. Thou art Marguerita.

Marguerita (*joyously*):—I am Marguerita! Oh come, sweet fairies, dance with me, and sing a song to this happy day!

(*Fairies come forward—dance and sing with Marguerita.*)

(Tune: "Sweetheart" from "May-time")

(*Marguerita*) Oh sing, little fairies, of spring time, for I am so happy today.

(*Fairies*) You thought that no future would bring the time, when you would be joyful and gay.

(*Marguerita*) Oh I have had sorrow and weeping, but I'm a glad princess today. So, wee folk, your revels be keeping, this happy day, this first of May!

(*Fairies*) Princess, princess, princess, fair sweet Marguerita, Thou art so happy today For 'tis the glad first of May, Oh dear princess.

(*Marguerita*) Fairies, fairies, fairies, sing with Marguerita. Bid farewell to sadness and welcome to gladness, On this first day of May.

Oberon:—Come, fairies, come princess! Let us find the May Queen's chariot.

(*Fairies and Marguerita skip off. Enter king, queen, minstrel and Griselda.*)

King:—Let us sit here, dear queen, until the May Day procession shall have formed.

(*King and Queen sit on rustic bench. Griselda stands behind bench. Minstrel at one side.*)

(Continued on page 23)

A Thrilling Battle with an Alligator—

KAY'S ENCOUNTER

*By Jane Abbott**Illustrated by Joseph Franke*

IN spite of the golden sun beating down upon quivering palmetto, the fruity fragrance of the air, the soft lap-lap of the blue Gulf waters against the beach, Kay Randall thought the world very gloomy, indeed. The sunshine mocked her—the dazzling greenness all about her mocked her! What was the use of loving it if she had to leave St. Regis, never, never, to come back again.

Kay's "gran'pop" was gamekeeper of St. Regis Island. Kay had spent most of her fourteen years with gran'pop. Gran'pop called her "his laddie." He called St. Regis "his" island. When she was just old enough to walk he had taken Kay with him on his rounds; when she was older he had taught her to paddle and to shoot and to ride. She had her very own fishing tackle. Sometimes, though, when gran'pop fished she gathered the lilies and water hyacinths which grew in great profusion in the little lakes and creeks of the island. And sometimes she sat very still in the boat and watched for deer to come out from the dense undergrowth to drink. Gran'pop lived in a bungalow near the oyster beds at the northern end of the Island. The "folks" lived in the bungalows at the other end. Between stretched ten miles of pine woods, open fields, swamps, hummock lands of dense undergrowth. Among these were five small lakes connected by a winding creek of great beauty. Kay had her own little boat in which she could paddle or drift about the lakes and the creek and she had her own pony, Patsey, upon which she could ride over the trail connecting the gamekeeper's lodge with the Bungalows.

Little wonder, then, that the thought of leaving St. Regis filled her heart with gloom! There could not be any other spot on earth one half as nice as St. Regis. She felt very sorry for herself. And, because she knew how much gran'pop loved St. Regis she felt very sorry for him. It would be much harder for him because he was old!

Old—how poor gran'pop hated the word. That was why he had flushed so red when Mr. Porter had told him that he was bringing an expert to the island. Kay had been in Pat-

sey's stall and had heard everything and had seen gran'pop's face, all twisted and hurt-looking.

"I can't understand why the game is so scarce, Joe! It's been getting worse and worse ever since I bought this island. I'll be a joke among my friends. I've sent to Raleigh for an expert gamekeeper to find out the reason. Of course I don't want to make a change right off, but a younger man—"

Kay knew that gran'pop had been worried about the scarcity of game on the Island. She could not understand why anyone should care! The island was so very beautiful with its long lakes and winding creeks where the trees met in a green archway so that one could pretend one was drifting down an enchanted stream into a witch's cave; why did they need game? But gran'pop had told her that Mr. Porter and his friends came down to the Island to shoot and to fish, that Mr. Porter had paid a lot of money for the Island then had spent much more stocking it with game. "This island used to be the pride of the Gulf," gran'pop had grumbled.

The night before gran'pop had told her, in a voice she had never heard him use before, that he'd not stay with any new man! How could he? Crouched in the low step of the gamekeeper's lodge poor Kay wished dolefully that she could do something so that poor gran'pop—and she—could stay at St. Regis! But what could a fourteen-year-old girl do with a problem that has apparently mastered gran'pop and Mr. Porter and the hosts of men he brought with him from the North?

And there was Susanne! She would never see Susanne again. Susanne was Mr. Porter's daughter—a girl of Kay's age. The two had become chums; Mr. Porter had encouraged the intimacy. "If you can teach Susanne not to scream at the sight of a spider someday I'll take you North with us," he had promised. Susanne was made after the pattern of a fairy-princess, Kay thought; she thrilled with secret joy every time she glanced even side-wise at the mass of glossy curls, the delicately straight nose, the pink-and-white skin that defied even a Gulf sun, and the beautiful clothes Susanne wore. Be-

cause she had known few girls of this sort she took Susanne straight to her heart and into her care, big-sister fashion; because she herself was fearless and loved the ugliest of living crawling things she taught Susanne to watch them without a shudder. And Susanne let her read her books and taught her to crochet and to play on the piano with one hand. And if she left St. Regis she would never see Susanne again!

Gran'pop came around the corner of the bungalow with his oyster bags. Twice a week gran'pop gathered oysters from the oyster beds, scraped the mud from the shells, packed them in saddle bags and carried them to the Bungalows.

The sight of the bags roused Kay. "Le' me take them, please, gran'pop," she begged. If she took them now perhaps she could stay all day with Susanne. "Please—"

Her suggestion was agreeable to gran'pop. He had work he wanted to do at the upper end of the Island. Kay often went alone over the trail.

She rushed off to the barn to saddle Patsey. She fastened the saddle bags securely. As she cantered away, slim, straight, her tanned face tilted forward, her head bare, she made a brave little figure.

Old gran'pop, watching her with loving eyes failed to notice that she had forgotten the small rifle without which she never started on the trail.

Kay realized it when she had gone about three miles. But she was too eager to reach Susanne to turn back. It was foolish for gran'pop to always make her carry the rifle; she was not afraid of anything and, anyway, she could trust to Patsey's swift heels.

The trail followed an old cowpath which wound for miles through pine woods, then skirted the third lake for a mile or more, crossed the creek where it was narrowest and most shallow to a stretch of thick undergrowth, then plunged again into pine woods. Patsey was in fine spirits, the cool of the woods was invigorating. Kay let the horse trot along at an even pace. Her gloom dispelled, she whistled and sang alternately.

Near the third lake the path grew very narrow and rough, in some places running along the very edge of the water. Here Patsey picked

her steps carefully and Kay, quiet now, kept her eyes well on the path before her. Gran'pop had trained her to do this when she was a little girl.

The summer before Kay and Susanne had been drifting down the creek in Kay's boat when suddenly it scraped against what appeared at first to be a submerged log. But, looking back, they had discovered it to be a huge alligator. Susanne had implored Kay to hurry away and regretfully Kay had done so. Gran'pop had told her she had acted very wisely—the big alligators "had best be left alone." Mr. Porter and his friends paid little attention to the alligators except to catch the smaller ones and take them back North as souvenirs.

"Could a big alligator catch me?" Kay had asked her grandfather with scorn.

"You jes' better not give one a chanct, honey," Gran'pop had answered. "They're tricky things! I hate 'em. They've got sharp teeth in those big mouths an' they fit into pits in the upper jaw so that they can hold on like grim death to anything they lay hold of. And they got somethin' back in the throat that shuts up so they kin hold something under the water while they breathe easy as kin be! And they'd as leave hold you as a fish or anything! They're tricky and they're smart, too! You leave 'em alone!"

As she rode along the shaded path that morning Kay was thinking of Susanne and not of alligators. But Patsey was sniffing the ground in a disturbed manner. Suddenly, with a quick whinny, she stopped short. Kay looking about, could see nothing. No matter what was disturbing Patsey her safest policy she reckoned was to run for it. She urged the horse on. Patsey, hesitating a moment, took an obedient step forward, then shied violently and fell to the ground with such force that Kay was thrown over her head. Though the ground was soft Kay was severely jarred by the fall. It was a moment before she could scramble to her feet. There lay the horse struggling wildly on the ground, her hind leg in the clutch of a huge alligator! The creature had lain hidden in the undergrowth until the horse had almost passed him. He was slowly dragging Patsey toward the water!

Not for an instant did it occur to Kay that she could run off and leave Patsey to her fate! She must find a weapon of some sort to fight the ugly reptile. At the risk of being struck by one of Patsey's hoofs she

unfastened the stirrup. She remembered that gran'pop had once told her that the only sensitive part of an alligator was its nose. Standing as close as she dared she swung with all her might at the creature. She struck again and again. The alligator let go of Patsey's leg to turn on her. Kay had kept the bridle in her hand so, dragging at it, she urged poor Patsey to her feet and swung herself into the saddle. Though Patsey's leg was bleeding badly she made a splendid effort to escape. However, she was no match for the alligator. He did not intend to let his meal slip away from him! On the tips of his toes, his tail high in

the alligator with the stirrup and at the same time dodging the furious sweeps of the long tail. Knowing that her strength could not hold out much longer she worked backward until she saw an opportunity to cut into a run down the trail. By the horrible bellowing that sounded almost in her ear Kay knew the alligator was in hot pursuit, but she dared not even look behind!

In a turn of the trail she met poor Patsey limping back to find her. Exhausted, frightened she threw her arms about Patsey's neck and burst into tears.

There was great excitement when Kay, disheveled and blood-stained,



Patsey, hesitating a moment, took an obedient step forward.

the air, he tore after them, making an infuriated noise like the bellowing of a bull. Gaining on Patsey he caught again at her hind leg, at the same time striking furiously at her with his tail. Patsey dropped to the ground; Kay landed several feet away. Kay was badly bruised but she had not a moment to think of herself—she must act quickly if she was to save Patsey, for the poor old horse had not much strength left. With the stirrup still in her hand she rushed at the alligator, striking one blow after the other with all the power of her strong young body. At first they seemed to have little effect upon him—closer and closer to the water he dragged Patsey. Finally, infuriated by the blood spurting from his nose under the well-aimed blows of the stirrup he dropped Patsey's leg to swing his terrible tail at Kay. Patsey scrambled to her feet and rushed off down the trail. Then Kay fought for her life, striking at

and Patsey limping, her torn flesh bleeding, arrived at the Bungalows. The darkies pressed close while Kay told Mr. Porter and a group of his friends the story of the struggle. Mrs. Porter took her into the Bungalows; a servant led Patsey away. A hot bath and a cool drink refreshed Kay while one of Mr. Porter's friends dressed Patsey's wounds.

Later Mr. Porter came into Susanne's room where Kay was cuddled among pink and green pillows. "We're going hunting for your friend tomorrow. Will you feel strong enough to help us?"

Kay was tremendously proud to be asked to lead the expedition. Besides, she wanted to avenge Patsey's hurt. So she spent the night with Susanne and started away with the men at day-break. Mr. Porter, four friends, and several of the darkies made up the party.

(Continued on page 24)

NOTHING SHORT OF A CYCLONE

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated by Thelma Gooch

HERE was a timid knock, then the door of the study opened, and Helen Jordan peeped in. For an instant she paused, seeing the group of girls already there; but at a word of greeting from Margaret Hamon, she stepped inside. "Just stopped to see how you were feeling, Gladys," she explained.

Gladys Hammon, lounging in a big chair, looked up and laughed. "You'd think I was a presidential candidate by all the people that have developed an interest in my health. I'm feeling fine, thanks."

Rachel Loveland looked up earnestly. "It's not you, Winnie, you know. It's the whole Freshman basketball team and the college championship we're interested in."

"That's the point, Gladie," Florence Knight chimed in. "We saw what Tillie Leonard did last week at center, and we want to be sure that you are feeling well enough to last the whole game this time."

"And beside, you're captain," was Helen's contribution.

"Say, you bunch, what is this—an admiration society?" Gladys demanded in pretended anger. "You'll have my head so swelled that I won't be able to play at all, and the game begins in half an hour, you know."

"That's right. Let's clear out and leave her in peace." The girls started toward the door, calling back, among their jibes, last messages of encouragement.

While not the last of the interclass basketball contests at Natick College, the whole student body realized that the game that afternoon would decide the championship. Gladys Hammon and the rest of her Freshmen team had defeated the Seniors easily who had, in turn won their game with the Juniors. But the Sophomore team, champions of the year before, had beaten both Junior and Senior fives. If they could also beat 1924, they would have the coveted championship.

Gladys tried to keep her mind off the approaching game. She watched her sister putting the room in order. "Can't I help do something, Midge?" she asked once, but her offer of aid was refused.

"Just rest up for that game. I can clean up the room. You save your pep to clean up the Sophs."

Gladys groaned. "Pep' and 'clean up'! What language for a Natick Freshman! Always you persuade me to stay here this afternoon and teach you English." She dodged the pillow that came flying across at her. After she had returned it she went on, "But I'll do my best, Midge. It's my turn now. When spring comes and track season starts you'll have to uphold the honor of the Hammon family."

For a time there was silence. "But Glad, is it true that Shaeffer can't play? I heard she was sick."

"I don't think so. I hope she isn't. It will break up our team work to have her out of the line-up. Becky can't seem to learn the signals."

Margaret sniffed. "Why not? They're easy enough. If you put your left hand behind you you are going to throw the ball to the right guard. She shoots it back to you, and then it goes to the right forward, close under the basket. And if you put your hand to your hair . . ."

YES, but you're not Becky. She is a wonder for hanging onto her man and keeping her from shooting, but team work is what we'll need this afternoon. The Sophomores have been playing together for a year."

"But you'll win, Sis. You've just got to."

"We want to, badly enough. Well, I suppose I better toddle over to the Gym. It's most time." She stretched herself lazily then got up and threw her coat over her shoulders.

Margaret watched her with sisterly eyes. "You're sure you're feeling all right, aren't you, Glad?"

The Freshman basketball captain laughed. "You're as bad as the rest. Nothing short of a cyclone can keep me from playing today. So long."

"Good luck. I'll be over in a little while."

By the time Margaret Hammon reached the gymnasium the seats were well filled up, and everybody watched impatiently for the teams to appear. In a college where there are no athletic meets with outside schools, intra-mural sports arouse all the interest that is expended on inter-college games elsewhere. And a championship match increased the excitement.

The Sophomore class, bunched together, had the first opportunity to greet its warriors. The 1923 players,

running out in their dark blue bloomers, and white middies with red ties, received a thunderous welcome.

"Who are we? Can't you see?"

Natick, Natick, 23!"

THE five players formed a circle just under the basket, and after passing the ball around for a few moments, began practicing their throws at the basket. Margaret Hammon, watching them anxiously, noticed that one girl almost never missed her shot. She commented upon it to Florence Knight who sat next to her.

"That's practice," the other Freshman comforted her. "People don't do that in a game, not with guarding the way our bunch can. Here they come!"

Now it was the turn of the Freshmen to cheer.

"We yell, we roar"

Natick, Natick, '24!"

rang through the gymnasium. Several of the blue-clad players looked over and waved at their classmates as they followed the Hammon twin, who carried the ball.

"Oh, Shaeffer isn't there!" wailed Rachel Loveland.

Margaret, remembering her sister's words, felt her heart sink as she saw Becky in place of the Freshman star guard. "But we'll beat them some way," she kept muttering to herself. "Glad will never let them win."

Then Miss Wood, their gymnasium teacher, who was to referee the game, ran onto the floor, blowing her whistle shrilly. The game was on.

At the first "tip-off" Gladys Hammon at center easily out-jumped her Sophomore opponent. And it soon became evident that, individually, the Freshmen were outplaying their rivals. Margaret watching them, realized, however, that something was wrong. They could not seem to get together. More than once Tennie Jennings at guard would start down the floor with the ball, but when she was stopped by the Sophomores five-man defense, none of her team-mates were near enough to receive the ball.

But the Sophomores were finding it equally hard to score. Again and again the Freshmen thrilled with delight to see the way Becky clung to her opponent, the girl who baskets so easily in practice. In the real game, however, she found it almost impossible. She would receive the ball, balance herself, then, just before she

threw for the basket, there was Becky dancing wildly in front of her to block the shot.

Gladys Hammon had only a few chances to attempt goals. Once, when the score was even, she electrified her class-mates by a long shot from the middle of the floor.

Their joy was only short-lived. On the next tip-off, Becky misplayed the signals, and the Sophomore equalled the score. And when the whistle blew for the first half the blackboard displayed:

1923—10.

1924—10.

College songs and class cheers filled in the time between the halves, so that almost before the audience realized it, the teams appeared again ready for the second half of the battle royal.

The Freshmen had something new. Somebody—Margaret, who had seen a similar plan in a professional game

that she and her sister had attended thought Gladys was responsible for it—had changed the Freshmen style of defence. Now, at the toss-up one of the Freshmen forwards played almost in a guard position. Evidently the 1924 team was going to do its best to stop all Sophomore scoring.

It seemed to work. Several times one of these three players blocked shots and secured the ball to throw to the remaining forward. But both teams were guarding too closely to allow either side to "feed" one player and give her a chance to shoot goals.

So the game see-sawed back and forth. At one instant the Sophomores would be exulting over their lead, and then it would be the Freshmen who were shouting. Everybody realized that the game must be nearly over.

Then something happened. The Sophomore captain came down the floor, dribbling the ball. From her left Gladys Hammon dashed in to take it just as Tennie Jennings leaped at her from the other side. There was a violent collision. Gladys fell heavily. The referee rushed up,

blowing her whistle. "Foul on '24," she called. "Two players!"

Gladys got up slowly from the floor. In the silence they heard some one from the side lines call, "Minute and a half to play, Sophs." And the score was still a tie, 18-18.

It seemed as though no one breathed as the Sophomore captain took her place at the foul-line preparing to throw. Two from each team stood under the basket. Then the girl looked at the referee and nodded. The whistle sounded. Lazily she reached over, caught up the ball, and straightening herself, tossed it toward the basket. The leather sphere bounded on the iron rim, balanced tantalizingly for an instant, and dropped through the hoop.

The building fairly shook with applause, while the Sophomores went wild cheering their captain.

Before the players lined up again Gladys called together her team-mates and talked earnestly. Margaret thought she looked unusually pale and determined. "She'll never let them win," she muttered as the ball was again put into play.

But this time the Sophomore center got the tip-off, batting the ball to a Freshman guard. It was fumbled, and the Sophomore rushed after it. Already the Freshmen players were guarding the basket, but the other Freshman forward tore into the melee with her Sophomore guard after her.

Gladys stood alone in the center of the floor, watching them struggle for possession of the ball. Again and again the excited Sophomores tried to shoot for the basket, but always some blue-bloused Freshman's arm would reach out to block it.

The whole audience was in an uproar. Shouting encouragement they did not notice the Freshman center as she walked slowly back until she stood under her own basket. But her team-mates were alert. Suddenly one of the Freshmen emerged from the throng with the ball in her hands. Without slackening her pace, she hurled the ball along the floor toward her captain.

Then the Sophomores realized their danger. At full speed they raced for Gladys waiting there alone. But it was too late. The ball arrived first. Catching it up, she threw it at the goal, and so true was her aim that it did not ever touch the rim as it



Tennie Jennings leaped at her—there was a violent collision.

(Continued on page 19)



SCRIBES' CORNER—HOME SCOUT NEWS.—

PORTLAND, OREGON

Girl Scouts have been organized in Portland, Ore., only a little over a year. There are three troops here at present. Our troop has not had a very good start as our captain went to France to do relief work. We are very proud of her but we hated to lose her as we were without a captain for several months, but now we have one whom we like very much so we expect to accomplish a great deal.

On January 22d all the Girl Scouts in Portland entertained two Girl Guides from England, Miss Vera Williams and Miss Gladys Waring, at an informal tea given at the library where our troop holds its meetings. They showed us how to play some Girl Guide games which we enjoyed very much. After that they told us their experiences in England and on their travels.

We consider ourselves very fortunate in having had them visit us as they were a great inspiration to us and encouraged us in our work.

R. P.,

Troop No. 1

BELTON, S. C.

We have twelve girls in our troop. They have passed their Tenderfoot test and are studying for their Second Class test, but it will be the latter part of the summer before they are ready to pass. At present we are putting in most of our time on sewing. For the past six weeks we have been studying cooking. We will begin to work on nature study in about two months.

M. L. V., *Capt.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

On Friday, February 11th, under the auspices of the Camp Committee of the Washington Girl Scouts, Mr. Thornton W. Burgess delivered a lecture to children. The object was to raise money for a summer camp. He read them a few stories already known, and others yet unpublished, closing with pictures of familiar animals.

For an hour and a half, he held them in wrapt attention, while appreciative elders enjoyed the children's pleasure. All through the hall voices piped up with utter lack of self-consciousness, and the children talked confidently to him across a large audience. A mere baby sitting near the center listened with poised attention to Mr. Frog's power

of swallowing his skin and suddenly burst forth with "Mr. Snake does that, too!"

At the close Mr. Burgess received the children on the platform.

BY WAY OF HISTORY

(With Apologies)

Listen, my Scouts, and I shall tell

How our organization began so well,

Sir Baden-Powell had a thought of joy,

And started the Scouts for the English boy,

His wife became then a good Girl Guide

And was joined by thousands far and wide,

While visiting her, Mrs. Juliette Low

Decided our girls must have a show.

In Savannah, Georgia, she started out

And gathered a crowd of girls about—

It spread from South to North and West

And thousands tried the Tenderfoot Test,

And now in almost every town

The peppy Scouts have spread renown,

We hike and sing and learn to play,

And do a good turn every day.

We come out-doors both day and night,

And learn to cook and do what's right;

For neighbor's baby we can care,

When folks are sick our help is there,

Most everything Girl Scouts can do,

They're loyal, faithful, kind and true.

H. M.,

Troop 1, Englewood, N. J.

During the afternoon he spoke briefly commending the invaluable training of the Scouts.

Everyone feels indebted to the committee who did so much to give so many people pleasure. They realized about \$400.

E. G. C.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Not so very long ago Troop 17 gave a jolly party—they called it a "Camp Marimash" party. The girls who had been to camp the past summer were hostesses to those of the troop who had not been so lucky as to share in the fun up at Loch Raven.

They all assembled early and then, seated on the floor about a blazing fire, in true camp style, each camper in turn told of some phase of camp life—the daily program, inspection, the bucket brigade, the "swims," blackberrying, straw rides, marsh-mallow roasts, and stunt parties—in fact, they succeeded in giving a very vivid picture of life at Marimash.

L. M. K., *Scribe.*

LODI, N. Y.

The Girl Scouts of Troop 1 raised \$85 for the starving children of China. They scoured the whole countryside. Many of the contributions were 10c or 25c—in some cases 50c and occasionally \$1.00 or more. We know that the people were glad to send their contributions for the little ones in China, but did not feel that they could send such small amounts.

Our Local Council is such a help to us in many ways that we are very grateful to them. Just now they are offering a little prize for a ten-week's contest among the Scouts for gaining points in helpfulness, school and church attendance.

Four girls have earned the Scribe Merit Badge.

M. L. M., *Captain.*

ROME, GA.

The Eagle Troop of Girl Scouts met Saturday at the Carnegie Library. After the meeting was called to order by the captain, Mrs. Homer Chaney, the roll was called, about twenty-three responded to their names. Mr. Sharp, chief of the fire department, gave a very interesting talk on "how to prevent fire and how to check it after it has started."

After we were through with our meeting we left on our hike, going out about four miles on the bluff road. Arriving there with good Scout spirit we gathered sticks to build a fire to roast weiners and toast marshmallows.

R. C., *Scribe.*



—AND SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD

INDIA

All scouts will be interested in this article from India which is reprinted from the January issue of The Girl Guide Gazette. This is the first time we have had any scout news from India.

"The number of Guiders and Guides in India increases most steadily. It is a big work, including so many races. Not long ago a Special Commissioner had to be appointed to be in charge of all Indian Companies. The Guides in the Companies wear the dress of the province with a sari in khaki or white with blue border as their distinguishing feature. Very naturally, the proficiency badges have to be adapted to the different conditions of the country. Gymnasts is not in favor, and signalling is not a compulsory item of the Second-class test, distance judging taking its place. The dishes in the cooking tests have very odd-sounding names to many ignorant ears. Native tunes replace our familiar pieces in the musicians' tests. India has her own constitution and issues her own warrants, etc. The local associations and executives are slightly different in their organization. The name 'Little Friend' is substituted for 'Tenderfoot,' as this word is difficult to express in translation. 'Junior Guides' is the equivalent to our 'Guide' and 'Guide' is used for all who are Second-Class Guides."

The following letter was received by Margaret Thatford, of Folcroft, Pa., from Honolulu. We don't want Mallie Min to think we consider her a foreigner, because we don't, but she lives so far away that we feel as if her letter should be on this page.

My dear Margaret:

After school when I went home I found your letter in my room. I was surprised at first because I forgot I sent my address to the Girl Scout Headquarters. I would be very glad to write to you but I will first tell you my nationality. I am a Korean, by birth, but I am really an American. My parents were born in Seoul, Korea. I was born in the Hawaiian Islands and I am attending the McKinley High School. I am a freshman. I have brown hair, brown eyes and the color of my skin is pale white. I have a sister whose name is Margaret, but she is younger than I. My full name is Mallie Chum

Soon Min. Chum Soon is my Korean name. I will be sixteen years old on June 22nd this year. I am now staying in a boarding school with my sister, where there are only girls. The reason I am staying here is because my mother went back to Korea in February.

Our Scout troop is Lehua, Troop No. 4. Lehua is a red flower that grows up on the mountains. It is said that when a person picks that flower the rain is bound to come.

I joined the Girl Scouts on November 20, 1919. We have ten girls in our troop. There are about 200 Girl Scouts in all. You would think that we do not have many people but I would say we have plenty. We have Girl Scout rallies when all the Girl Scouts come together to play, sing and dance. I never went out camping so I don't know anything about it, but we have picnics sometimes.

I have passed my Tenderfoot and if I should pass three more subjects, then I will be a Second Class Scout.

Did you ever visit the islands? We have a nice beach called the "Waikiki Beach." We also have the active and dead volcanoes, canyons and coral gardens.

I will tell you more of my school life. I start to school at seven o'clock and I get through at twelve-fifteen in the afternoon. I am taking four subjects: Latin, Algebra, English and History. For the first semester I had three "As" and a "B" for English.

I will write to you more things in the other letters.

Aloha,
from MALLIE MIN.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Dear Fellow Worker:

First of all let me give you some idea of our work and strength here. In our own town we commenced a troop about two years ago. We worked for quite a long period, under many difficulties, but as Guides we surmounted most of these. We wrote to England and received last August our registration certificate. We now have it framed and hanging in our clubroom.

One Christmas we went to a town (Jamestown) about twenty-seven miles away and held camp—our first Guide's camp. Our troop was so disciplined and well behaved that the residents decided to have a troop as well. Therefore, a troop of forty Guides is now Jamestown's quota. Last Christmas we intended to visit a town (Quon) about eighty miles away but on account of the very heavy rain our plans were laid aside for a time. Now as Easter is drawing nigh (and probably will have passed before you receive this letter) we are looking forward to our camp at Quon.

Another locality hearing that we had a troop in existence, wrote me for information on the work. I did the best I could, and now a town by name of Kapunda near our city (Adelaide) also has a troop. There is a great future for this work here, which is practically in its infancy at present.

The Girl Guide Gazette is sent to us each month and it contains much interesting information.

The Guides are working at present to obtain funds for the erection of a clubroom, which we can claim as our own in the days to come. In our home, we take the Ladies' Home Journal, and in one of its numbers (May, 1915) was a play called "Fairest Spirits." We are planning to give this in hopes of raising money. Then later we hope to have a bazaar or fair which we can raise a few more pounds. As the rule is and must be obeyed, we Guides must work, as the Scouts, for all we are in need of.

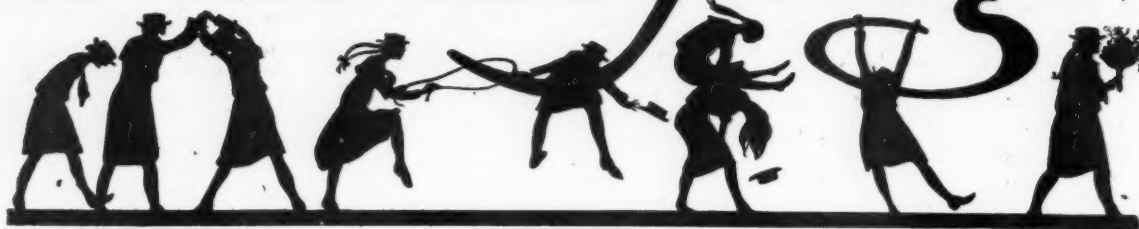
Those things which we desire to teach are sewing, cooking, domestic duties, sick nursing and many other duties. It is a big undertaking, I know, for a few to handle, but it is worth while and is that which gives us energy. It is the desire of my heart to see this building in our town, and to this goal we are aiming.

Very sincerely,

VERA GROVES.

If any Scouts would like to correspond with some guides in South Australia we can forward your name to Miss Groves, who will give it to one of her girls.

Our Party Page



HIKE! HIKE! HIKE!

Instead of having a party indoors—why not take a hike into the country? The early spring days make us all want to get out, and the greatest fun of all is to pack up your luncheon and hike through the woods.

If anyone in the troop has a kind uncle or friend who has a farm and will give you the use of it, you might end up with a party there. Barn parties can be made very jolly.

The day before, if possible, the girls should go out and get the barn ready—sweeping it out well and washing the floor. Flags may be used as decoration and Japanese lanterns strung on wires between the rafters. Have a Victrola for dancing—everyone loves the Virginia Reel and the old-fashioned square dances. Play puss-in-the-corner, blindman's buff and any of the other games you can think of.

Later on, when everyone is tired, bring in an enormous "Bird pie" and give each girl a slice. Brown paper makes a fine pie crust and to it should be pinned twenty-four little birds cut out of black paper, while inside tiny trifles wrapped in tissue paper, most of them representing birds, eggs and nest, etc., are ready for favors. Also pin the following verse to the crust:

"When this pie is opened
The birds begin to sing,
That is where you are fooled;
We won't do such a thing!"

When the crust is torn the girls are handed a sheet of paper on which are written the following questions to be answered by the name of a bird.

1. A flash of sky on wing. (Bluebird)
2. King of the water, as the air,
He dives and finds his prey.
(Kingfisher)
3. Thy plaintive cry announces
punishment,

And warns the luckless boy for
whom 'tis sent. (Whippoorwill)

4. You introduce yourself through-
out your song
And tell the world your brief,
old fashioned name. (Phoebe)
5. Red-breasted harbinger of spring
We wait in hope to hear thee
sing. (Robin)
6. Yellow captive of the cage,
Silver notes thou giv'st as wage.
(Canary)
7. Black robber of the cornfields,
oh, beware!
The farmer can do other things
than scare. (Crow)
8. We know how long ago
You frightened Mr. Poe—
Black-coated prophet of adver-
sity. (Raven)
9. Named for the animal the
dairies need,
Yet, in thy nature, quite a dif-
ferent breed. (Cowbird)

All girls like to give parties and certainly Girl Scouts are no exception. This is proved by the number of requests we receive at Headquarters for entertainment material. We have therefore decided to give every month in *The American Girl* a number of party suggestions. If there is any particular kind of party you wish help with, write to us. On the other hand if you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.

10. A symbol of the perfect love
Shed from above. (Dove)
After this try a Flower Guessing Contest:

1. My first wears my second on her foot. (Lady's slipper)
2. The hour before my English cousin's tea. (Four o'clock)
3. A gay young man and a ferocious animal. (Dandelion)
4. A young man's farewell to his sweetheart. (Forget-me-not)
5. Her reply to him. (Sweet William)
6. The first is the name of a bird, my second is worn by cavalymen. (Larkspur)
7. A very precise lady. (Primrose)
8. An animal of the jungle is my first, my second is the name of a tall fair lady. (Tiger Lily)
9. My first is made in a dairy but is seldom served in my second. (Buttercup)

And now here is a good test to see whether or not you know your trees:

1. What's the social tree. (Pear, Tea)
2. And the dancing tree. (Hop)
3. And the tree nearest the sea? (Beech)
4. The daintiest tree. (Spruce)
5. And the kissable tree. (Tulip, Yew)
6. And the tree where ships may be. (Bay)
7. The languishing tree. (Pine)
8. The chronologists's tree. (Date)
9. And the tree that makes one sad. (Weeping Willow)

(Do not have all the contests at one time—work them in at intervals—otherwise the girls will get very tired of them.)

In order that this party may be as much fun as possible why not build a fire outside in the field and cook frankfurters, bacon and eggs and have a real "bacon bat."

1ST G. S. T. S.—PINE TREE CAMP

With the opening of its seventh encampment, May 28th to June 18th the First National Training School for Girl Scout Officers starts its fifth season, the third at its permanent home, Pine Tree Camp. Each year the camp has grown in numbers and each year changes have been made to meet the growth. Last year it was a new building for the kitchen, while this year former students, returning, will find, instead of the stretch of white canvas, a dining pavilion, open on the side but with a roof that cannot be torn to ribbons.

One interesting development has been the widening and spreading of the camp each year, more and more into a national camp. In 1917 the interest had not reached much farther than New York state, but each succeeding year the circles have widened until last season the southern limit was Texas. Let us hope that the circle will spread west to the Pacific Coast. The international spirit is there, too, with a representative, as a member of the staff, in 1920 and again this season, from the Girl Guides of England.

To those who are hearing of Pine Tree Camp for the first time perhaps a word of description will not come amiss. The camp is situated in the woods about ten miles from the town of Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the shore of Long Pond, a pond in name only, in reality a beautiful lake, about half a mile wide and nearly two miles long. The water is wonderfully clear and with the sandy bottom makes bathing and swimming a delight. The large camp house of rough slabs, with its stone fireplace, gives ample shelter in stormy weather or when the evening is too cool to gather round the large campfire circle outside. The students sleep in tents pitched on higher ground divided into company streets A. B. C.

Some slight changes have been made this year in the course of study, a Camper's badge being added for the seventh encampment, while the work of the eighth encampment, July 2d to 30th has been arranged to cover four weeks instead of three as formerly. The development of the patrol system and of the patrol leader is practically studied by dividing the student body into patrols and having them learn by personal experience how best to develop their own troops.

An illustrated folder with application blank may be obtained by writing to National Training School, 10 Allerton Street, Brookline, Mass.

The Universal Language of the Wilds

By El Comancho

TO city dwellers the songs of wild birds are merely songs, and not one person in a hundred can pick out any particular bird by the song he sings, and probably not one person in a thousand can sit down in the woods and tell you what any given bird is doing just from the song notes that bird makes while he goes about his daily life.

Yet these things are no mystery to him who has been in close touch with the wilds for years—he knows!

He will tell you that the creatures of the wild places have each a limited but nevertheless comprehensive language and further that there is a universal language used and understood by all the wilderness creatures together.

Animal and birds are primitive, so their wants are few and their language covers their needs as thoroughly as the language of human beings cover their needs which are complex and therefore call for a comprehensive vocabulary.

Among birds and animals three fundamental needs stand out strongly: These are, first, food; second, safety; third, reproduction of species.

These points, broadly speaking, cover the daily life of all the wilderness creatures though many of them have a decided sense of fun and play and are not at all backward about showing that they can enjoy both if conditions are right.

With lives based on such simple needs it is not necessary to have a large vocabulary, so the language of the wilds covers only the needs of communicating simple ideas such as fear, contentment, love, food, etc.

With this knowledge to begin with it becomes easy to understand the speech of the wilderness if one but watches, listens and remembers.

Every country boy has heard the rollicking "Bob White" of the quail, yet few know that this call is a notice voiced by the cock quail to all other quails to keep off his hunting grounds. Such is the fact, however, and if you can mimic the call exactly note for note, tone for tone, and with the proper time between calls, you may sit hidden by the roadside and call that quail up to within five feet of you, as I have done many times—and always he comes ready to fight!

The quails have several other calls, one of alarm, one to call attention to food, one to get the flock together when it becomes separated, etc. Each

call is distinctive and is used for one purpose alone and is understood in that exact meaning by every quail that hears it.

Blue jays, crows and all of the tree squirrels are very inquisitive and will watch everything that goes on. If a person travels stealthily in the woods a blue jay will follow him just as stealthily until he is sure something harmful or alarming is coupled with the movements of the person, then he will set up such a screaming protest that every denizen of the wilds will flee for their lives without stopping to investigate.

Squirrels do exactly the same thing, and deer and other animals understand all this racket to mean some danger afoot, so the deer gets up and gets out, putting a safe distance between the noise and himself; and a bear, a cougar, wolf or wildcat will do the same as I have occasion to know from personal experience, for I have lost my game time and again through the tactics of blue jay, squirrel or crow.

Everybody has seen a barnyard rooster find a morsel of food, and set up a clucking that brought every other chicken within hearing on the run, and they knew it was food he had found when he called, too!

A chicken will sound an alarm when a hawk comes in sight, and every chicken within hearing goes to cover without stopping to see what the danger is, because they know the danger is real or that note would not have been sounded.

So it is with all the wild creatures, they talk together just as we do except in a far more limited way.

Their language is like Chinese writing because one single sound alone or repeated conveys a certain idea just as a Chinese hieroglyphic does.

A language sound or note in the wilderness conveys a whole idea, and not a word alone as the human language does, therefore the language of the wilderness is simple and easily understood if one is patient and attentive.

Any one who is a painstaking, careful mimic can learn to talk with many of the birds very easily and they will understand him, too, as his accent is exactly right. Every live, wide-awake boy and girl can put in hours thus with the wild things and get much instruction and amusement from them.

Early S Spos



When is your luncheon really a treat?
When you go out in the woods to eat!



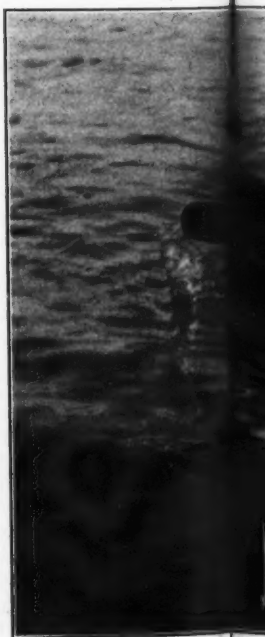
Paul Thompson



Paul Thompson

If you love flowers,
and have a back-
yard,
Make it a garden—
it's not very hard!

Out on the lake in a
light canoe!
Unless you are care-
ful—don't let it
be you!



Spring DOS

All Girl Scouts Like to get Out- doors in the First Warm Days

Could you keep
your balance, up
in a tree so high?
If you're sure you
couldn't — hadn't
you better try?



Capital Photo Service

When grandmother was you age, such games she didn't play,
She left them to her brothers—but we don't feel that way!

Call yourself a camper, when you can't chop a tree?
If you think it's easy—try it, Scout, and see.



Paul Thompson

Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
FRANCES CLARK
Director

BANNER CONTEST

Troop No. 103—Captain Dillman.
Troop No. 143—Captain Feaster.
Troop No. 43—Captain E. Gwen Martin.

HONOR ROLL

Troop No. 112—Captain Hannah P. Wilson, 90 per cent.

Registrations of the new troops organized by Miss Israel are just beginning to come in. Troop No. 25 with Miss Fei for captain is the first.

The three-day conference for leaders conducted by the Philadelphia Council of Girls National Organizations was a brilliant success. This comprises Girl Scouts, Girls Friendly, Camp Fire, Penna. League of Girls Clubs, White Williams Foundation, Y. W. C. A.; with Miss Martin, our assistant commissioner, as chairman.

Friday, the subjects were health and recreation and vocational guidance. Saturday, Opportunities for Girls, with each one of the organizations represented by a speaker. Of course, our first thought was Mrs. Rippin and we were fortunate enough to procure her.

Saturday evening the conference was held at the Graphic Sketch Club with Miss Martin presiding. After the discourses were over for the evening, Mr. Fleisher took us on a tour of the club and showed us some of its priceless treasures.

Sunday afternoon there was an open meeting for girls at the New Century Drawing Room, a hundred Scouts attended and enjoyed it immensely.

GIRL SCOUTS FIGHT FIRE

Fire in an adjoining building interrupted an entertainment being given by Girl Scouts recently to inmates of the Presbyterian Home for Widows and Single Women of the State of Pennsylvania.

When firemen of the nearest company failed immediately to arrive because they were at another blaze seven blocks away, the Girl Scouts, formed a bucket brigade and did not

relax in their fight against the flames, which partly destroyed the barn, until after the arrival of a chemical engine of company 40, fifteen or twenty minutes later.

The following prayer, which was written by one of our former Scout captains, is being used by several troops. It embodies the Scout Laws:

With understanding heart and mind
Teach us to grow more learning;
In knowing what our promise means
To thee and each we're serving.
Guard us each day from selfishness,
Keep us loyal, pure, and true;
Courteous, kindly, rich in thought,
Cheerful in all we do.
And to each hour of our day
Add strength to fight each task
That we, obedient to the end
Prove faithful to the last.

Troop No. 13 sent \$10 to the Hoover Fund.

HIKES WITH TROOP 17

Saturday afternoon, February 19, was the time chosen for our first hike. At 1.30 we left home, boarded a trolley car to 19 and Market Streets where we took the Darby car. On reaching Darby, captain introduced us to the girls of Troop 17. Then our wonderful hike started. We left Darby at 2:30 and took the road leading to Glenolden. Several automobiles passed us; but none offered to take us on our way and captain would not allow us to separate. Of course we were supposed to hike it, but we would gladly accept an automobile ride if offered to us. At last our chance came, for, coming up the road, we saw a truck large enough to hold all of us. We had still a greater joy when the man offered to take us all the way to Chester and back again to Glenolden. What a wonderful ride that was! Here, we were all together spinning along that road as fast as any other car holding about six passengers. We sang different songs and it did not take very long for this ride and we were soon jumping off at Glenolden.

A short walk followed and we soon found ourselves in Glenolden Woods. Every one seemed to be hungry so, of course, we had to eat. We collected wood and a fire was soon made. Those who had to cook made very good use of the fire and soon all were eating merrily. Even though we were sitting by the fire, it was not very warm so it was not long before we started to play games to keep warm. Hide and go seek was the first one played. The boundaries were marked off and the girl chosen who was to be

"it." It did not take long to get warm then; and all were enjoying themselves. Other games were played including, race and take her, three deep, and many others. We then hunted drinking water and soon found a spring with nice fresh water in it. We were near a stream, but the water there was not pure so, of course, we could not drink it.

What a beautiful place this was! On one side of the stream was a stone wall. A wire fence separated the field we were in from the adjoining one in which stood a high stack of hay. By standing on the top of this we could see in the distance a fire which had just started and which seemed to be spreading, but we did not stay there very long for we had other things to do to take up our time.

It was now growing dark and captain proposed making a fire again and telling stories around it. This was made immediately, but who was going to tell the stories. Everyone suggested that a ghost story be told; but each girl said she did not know any, so it seemed as though it were going to fail when captain suggested that a girl from Troop 17 tell about their camping trip last summer. She gave in detail each thing that happened and when she finished it was time to start home. However, we all decided that we too wanted to go to camp after we heard of the good time Troop 17 had.

We put our fire out and each girl packed up her belongings and we started our homeward hike hoping to have as much luck as when we started from Darby. But we seemed to have left our luck in the woods for no car was coming that would hold us all. This time our captain divided the crowd up, as it was getting late and we had promised to be back in Philadelphia by 9:30. Half the girls went on with our captain's sister, who was formerly a Scout captain and the other half remained with captain. The first half had the good fortune of "getting a lift." We arrived in Darby, but we did not have to wait very long until the rest arrived in a large truck and once more we all were together. This time we were driven in to Broad and Dickinson, where we boarded a trolley to Thirteenth and Market streets. Here we had to separate. Troop 17 with their lieutenant took a car for West Philadelphia while Troop No. 25 took a car for North Philadelphia.

We all enjoyed our first hike and hope our next trip will be as enjoyable as our first and we are sure it will be.

MARGARETTA SCHWAB.

"A ROOF GARDEN!"

Last summer Troop 27 of Boston, Massachusetts, had a garden on the roof of the South End Settlement House. Read of the cheer they brought to the neighborhood. Perhaps you'd like to do something like this too!

On May 5th in a sunny room of South Bay Union, a group of Girl Scouts, with their captain and Mrs. Eastwood, met and prepared the soil and planted the earlier flower and vegetable seeds in seven or eight newly made window boxes, to be transplanted later into their more stationary homes on the roof. The Scouts organized themselves into a planting group with their chairman to direct the work of the different groups so it would be carried on efficiently. There was the group who prepared the soil, the watering group, the planters, the weeders, and the record keepers, all doing good team work.

Mrs. Eastwood, a garden teacher, was the plant doctor who came once a week to direct and leave requirements to be faithfully carried out by the Scout Captain, who had been a school garden teacher. She supervised the work of the Scouts.

There were many difficulties—such as procuring lumber to build new boxes and tubes; procuring enough soil and bringing it up in buckets, four stories, over a pulley, where it had to be carefully prepared before putting it in the boxes; then the newly transplanted seedlings doing very poorly at first, due to lack of sunshine and too much rain. It would have been difficult to believe that those few spindly seedlings with others were to cover the roofs in ninety-two different, large size, boxes and tubs, a varied display

of flowers and vegetables.

The neighborhood was searched for butter tubs and grocery boxes. The Mellin's Food boxes that came every Thursday to the Baby Clinic soon found their way to the roof.

It is not everyone who can boast of a farm on a roof which included not only vegetables such as radishes, lettuce and peas, but beans, tomatoes and squashes of the late summer to say nothing of the sturdy growing corn whose early appearance was unfortunately discovered by too ardent a weeder.

The flower garden was arranged according to a color scheme. The orange Tiger Lilies formed a back-



ground for the red and yellow Nasturtiums. The same with the pink and white Cosmos and Asters and pink and white Snapdragons and Balsams, the Golden Glow and blue Batchelor Buttons formed gardens of their own, while the Dahlias and Gladiolas were grouped by themselves according to color. A vine of Morning Glories entwined with other vines shut off the bleak tenement walls and made the garden a part by itself, where birds came every morning for their breakfast and bath that the children had made for them. A white and a yellow butterfly, two familiar friends, who be-

came so well acquainted that each received their pet names as they flew about the flowers, knowing that the children who had been taught to love them would never harm them.

After the garden was well started and a careful record finished of all the plantings and transplantings, the Girl Scouts handed the garden over to the children of the neighborhood to carry on.

Then came the gardening classes divided into morning and afternoon groups of boys or girls and some with boys and girls together, each thoroughly enjoying their work.

Each child was given a plant to grow at home. This brought in the interest of the parents and neighbors and soon an endless exchange of plants began, many of the plants having a foreign inheritance.

So the garden grew far beyond the walls of South Bay Union. Many a bright colored bouquet was given to some "shut-in" or bed-ridden elderly person of the neighborhood or to carry to some sick friend at home or in the hospital.

A mother who stitched all day in a garment factory across the street asked if she could move the machine near the window. She afterwards said it made the day seem much shorter when she could hear the voices of the children on the roof, for she knew her little girl was one of them.

A little hunchback girl who was a cripple was brought each day to play in the garden. Her father, a hard working laborer, said with much emotion, "I am thankful for such a garden. It is there where my little girl belongs away from the dirt of the city, high up among the birds and flowers. There is no trouble there." **RUTH E. CUMNOCK**

NOTHING SHORT OF A CYCLONE

(Continued from page 11)

dropped down through, between the meshes of the net.

1923—19.

1924—20.

read the scoreboard. In their wild joy few of them noticed how the Freshman center steadied herself for a minute against the backstop before she walked out for the next toss-up.

Once more the Sophomores out-jumped Gladys, but before the play had well begun the whistle shrilled. The game was over, and the Freshman basketball team was champion of the college.

A score of the first-year girls rushed for their team, while the rest

began an impromptu war dance as they made their jubilant way to the campus.

Becky was the first one to be caught up, then the girls reached Gladys, meaning to carry her off the floor in triumph. She motioned them off. "I must see the gym teacher," she protested. "Where's Miss Wood?"

But that did not stop them. They crowded around. She put out her hand to push them away, then suddenly went white and fell. Several of the girls caught her, while they called frantically for Miss Wood.

"What's the matter," cried their gymnasium teacher at the sight of the

girl in a faint. She caught up Gladys' hand to feel the pulse, then looked at it curiously. "When did it happen?" she demanded.

"What happened?" Margaret Hammon pushed her way through the crowd to her sister's side.

"She has a broken wrist," Miss Wood explained. "No wonder she fainted. She must have been playing some time with it."

By this time others, seeing the group, had come over, Teenie Jenning among them. "I know when it was," she cried as soon as she had heard the details. "It was when I

(Continued on page 30)

MORE SCOUT NEWS FOR YOU!

A BRAVE LITTLE BROWNIE

A little eight-year-old girl, Sallie Joy Pratt, a Brownie of Dedham, Mass., and a member of the Dedham Brownie Troop was about to take a ride with her Auntie in her automobile. She got into the front seat of the car in the garage, while her aunt went out in front to crank it. She asked Sallie to throw in the spark levers (or whatever you call them), on the wheel, as quickly as she could, after she had cranked the car. This was all the extent of the directions which she gave the child. She cranked the car. Unknown to her, the clutch was in, and the car started toward the aunt. In an inkling, the little Brownie pulled on the emergency brake, and stopped the car, which would have crushed the aunt against the wall of the garage in another instant!

Of course, the velocity of the car was not great enough to kill her, but the level-headedness, and quick action of the little eight-year-old was almost heroic.

"O PIONEERS"

One year ago in Orange County, California, eight girls blazed the way for Scouting. Since then Troop No. 1 of Orange has grown until we hope to be twenty-four strong soon. Six of our first eight girls are now Second Class Scouts.

Three other county towns have become interested in Scouting for girls through our activities and they hope to organize troops of their own very soon.

Last summer, we had a night under the stars, camping above our County Park. At mid-night came the thrilling whisper, "There's something prowling round our camp!" When the lantern was lighted it shone right into the eyes of the intruder—a baby opossum who was attempting to rifle our cake basket. Right then and there, we bounced out of bed and held a nature study class!

January brought a Progressive Dinner Party, as the result of an attendance contest between Yucca and Live Oak Patrols. Yucca lost and royal entertainers they proved themselves, for their dinner lasted from five until nine!

With Live Oak Patrol, as hostesses, we welcomed our newest Patrol, Lycaamore, with a Valentine party. What wonderful fruit we gathered from the Heart Fortune Tree!

Our Civic committee has called the attention of the City Council to a

neglected ordinance, and has brought to the notice of the Library Board a sanitary health measure they would do well to observe. Our Service Committee has planned to make layettes for the Mexican babies whose mothers are unable to provide for them.

Last month our troop gave a candy and cooked food sale for the benefit of the European Relief Fund and we Scouts did our own cooking. Perhaps that is why we made \$30.00!

Ahead of us is a dramatic evening whereby we hope to raise funds for a regular summer camp. Our lieutenant has promised to teach us to swim at that time so we are all looking forward to the happiest kind of an outing.

TROOP No. 1, Orange, Cal.

KENTON, OHIO

Yes, here we are again, this time to tell you a little of the party which we had on January 7th, at the close of our drive for new Scouts which was carried on through the months of October, November and December.

At 5:30 the girls began to gather at the Chamber of Commerce for the reception, and at 6 o'clock all were asked to form in line, and a delicious supper was served, cafeteria style, by the Lieutenants.

After this, a little program was carried out, vocal and dance solos by Scouts. The Captain, Mrs. E. H. Sorgen, gave a splendid talk to the girls and at the end, Mary Low Johnson was called to the front and introduced as the best swimmer in the troop. An impressive service was held in which the Captain presented to Scout Johnson a Medal of Merit of Life Saving.

One evening in February the captain invited all the lieutenants, patrol leaders and corporals to her home for a covered dish party. Small tables were artistically arranged for the guests for the 6 o'clock supper.

Afterwards the girls enjoyed a talk about camp this summer, and Victrola music, and time was also spent in making novelties for the Easter market which the girls held in March for the camp fund. At this time the cooking class had baked goods for sale.

Don't forget to send news of your troop! THE AMERICAN GIRL wants letters from every where.

A THRILLING RESCUE

To the bravery and presence of mind of Leslie Bell and Lester Carpenter, two high school students, and the composure of five Girl Scouts of North Attleboro, Mass., Augustus Baker owes his life after a thrilling experience at Greenwood Lake during February, when the automobile in which he was riding with Fred Viard, a neighbor, plunged through thin ice a distance of 18 feet to the bottom of the lake.

Bell and Carpenter were at the lake skating, and the Girl Scouts, under the direction of Miss Agnes E. Ryder, captain, and Miss Miriam Furbish, of North Attleboro, lieutenant, were enjoying a week end frolic at the lake. The young men saw Baker drive toward the channel, and yelled a warning, but Baker thought they were trying to attract some one else's attention.

Soon the machine plunged through the ice and disappeared from sight. Viard noticed that the ice was thin and was prepared for the accident, but Baker found himself pinned beneath the windshield. Viard was able to make his way out aided by Bell, who skated to the hole immediately and stood on the edge of the thin ice, enhancing his own life in so doing.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the Girl Scouts were to the rescue. Carpenter stood braced while five girls formed a human chain which extended to Bell, who was still in a precarious position. Baker's hands appeared above the surface, indicating that he was struggling to release himself. Viard slipped back in the water to save his companion, and was forced to limit his efforts to himself.

Bell worked heroically to save the drowning man, and finally succeeded in getting Baker to thick ice.

The Scouts who formed the chain, and to whom great credit is due for being so cool and collected in the emergency were Miss Priscilla Chipman, Miss Mildred Tingley and Miss Ruth Whittaker of Attleboro, and Miss Lois Pfeiffer and Miss Elizabeth Rhodes. The girls paid no attention to the warning of onlookers that they were endangering their own lives, but helped Bell and Carpenter, who would not have been able to save Baker and Viard. No more thrilling rescue was ever perpetrated in this locality.

GENEVA, N. Y.

As we have seven troops in Geneva, some of them over a year old, we think it is time that one of them at least, should contribute something to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

We are Troop No. 4 or the Shamrock Troop, but there are so many members that we have received permission from Headquarters to divide into two troops. The troops, however, meet together and have the same captain, so for all ordinary purposes we are the same as one.

We were registered last March. Our progress has been rapid and our good times many since then. We have three Second Class Scouts and several more who will be, after passing two or three more tests. The rest of the girls are working hard to attain this rank and others. As for our good times, they have consisted chiefly of hikes, a party or two and camping near the lake on which our city is situated.

Of course we are trying to live up to our law, to "Help Others At All Times." We have lately been helping to raise funds for the starving children of Europe besides doing a few things to help the community and doing our good turn daily.

A. B. and C. S.

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

Campward ho! Not even cold and spooks can stop the Waukesha Girl Scouts of Raven Troop No. 1. Last week we accomplished what Waukesha termed impossible. Our troop spent the night in a deserted house.

Reverend Lester J. Wright was a true friend. He owned a house about five miles from Waukesha and very kindly consented to allow us to use it. He also put up two stoves for our use. Mr. Watzek, father of one of the Scouts, took our blankets, eatables and other necessities out in an automobile. He was accompanied by two Scouts. These two carried straw from the barn and made bunks, swept, started fires and got the milk, so that when the rest of the troop arrived on foot all was in readiness. We prepared our supper and all agreed that never before had we tasted such wonderful food. After the meal a squad was appointed for dish washing.

Later we divided into groups and had, "in a minute operas." If any of you fellow Scouts have played this you know I am unable to describe what fun we had. One group gave a magic performance while another chose an old country school setting. We went to bed, but lo, though we were tired indeed, no sleep did we get that night. Have you ever slept

on straw with but one blanket beneath you? If you have, you know how we groaned and moaned. The edges of the blankets would persist in creeping up and when you get straw in your hair and eyes and down your back, it is impossible to sleep. We never were so glad to see dawn before, in our short lives. After a grand breakfast we went ice skating. At noon we had a surprise. Our dinner which we expected would be served by some Girl Scouts, was served cafeteria style by three French chefs. However, upon closer observations we discovered three girls camouflaged with dish towels and stove blacking.

After dinner we rolled our blankets Scout style and with these and our other things we started our hike toward home. The wind blew and blew, and it snowed and snowed but we come home happy, tired Scouts much better for our outing.

M. P.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Probably our sister Scouts all over the country know we have a council in New Orleans and I suppose some of them are thinking "but we never hear anything of them." Well, maybe that's because we've been so busy growing that we haven't had very much time for anything else, and we're doing that so fast you'd hardly know us from one month to the other.

We had no headquarters this time last year and now we have two large rooms in the Howard Annex to the City Hall—rent free. One room is our office and the other is our kitchen where we hold classes in all the household branches; such as Purchasing, First Aid and Home Nursing.

Of course we have hikes and parties and get-together sings where Girl Scout songs are learned under the direction of one of our captains. We now have about two hundred and fifty Scouts in eighteen troops. Some of the troops are three or four years old and some only a few weeks, but every one is enthusiastic and eager to get on in Scout work. We hope to have a Golden Eaglet before many months have passed.

L. B. A.,

Captain Troop No. 9

If you have a nice letter from England, or France, with some pictures, send it to us for our Foreign Page.



"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

The Maggie Wylie of Sir James M. Barrie, as played by Lois Wilson in "What Every Woman Knows" is a person every Girl Scout will respect. Unselfish and honorable to the nth degree, it is her strength of character which really makes her husband, John Shand, into the brilliant



Lois Wilson

young member of Parliament that he is.

She first meets him when he breaks his way into her father's house, in search of books. In return for enough money to complete his education, John enters into a marriage contract with Maggie which is fulfilled five years later, when he is elected to Parliament. After two years of married life, however, the rising young statesman falls victim to the wiles of a titled lady. But he soon realizes that it is really his wife to whom he owes success. Her self-admission that she lacks charm but works for his best interests makes him see the light of real happiness and the curtain goes down with him laughing for the first time in his life. A Paramount picture.



COLUMN RIGHT CHANGES IN BLUE BOOK OF RULES

Many changes will appear in the revised Blue Book of Rules to Girl Scout Captains. Captains please note the following specially important ones in their Blue Books. References are to sections and pages.

CHANGES IN BLUE BOOK OF RULES
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Section II, Page 5.

Court of Honor.—The old court of Honor, made up of council members has been changed to Court of Awards, the term now to be applied to a group made up of the Patrol Leaders and Corporals who with the captain constitute the governing body of the Troop. The Court of Honor meets weekly when all sorts of business is decided upon, and plans are made for submission to the troop; here also, at specially called meetings, matters affecting the honor of the Troop are discussed. The functions of the Court of Honor are thus both executive and judicial.

If a scout is on trial, all junior to her in rank should be asked to withdraw.

Members are on their honor not to discuss the vote or opinion of any particular member afterward. Any verdict stands as the decision of the Court as a whole.

Reference.—"The Patrol System for Girl Guides," London. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Henrietta St., W. C. Order through National Headquarters, 25 cents.

Section I—2.

"Affiliated Organizations." A summary of the rules drawn by the Executive Board under which another organization may utilize the Girl Scout training, is printed in full at end of Section I, as follows:

(a) Any approved society or institution for girls within the United States or her Territories may start an associated Girl Scout Troop, while still preserving the identity of their original association. Where it is planned to adopt the Girl Scout program on a State or Nation-wide scale, the Executive Body of the Society should communicate with the National Headquarters of the Girl Scouts.

(b) The Associated Troops will be officially registered at Girl Scout National Headquarters, at the request of the Society concerned, provided this request is endorsed by the Local Council of Girl Scouts, where one exists, and on the same terms of membership applying elsewhere which are:

1. Adherence to the three fold Promise of the Girl Scouts.

2. The ten Girl Scout Laws.

3. The rules of the Girl Scout movement, as set forth in the Constitution and By-Laws of the Girl Scouts, Inc., the official Handbook, "Scouting for Girls" and the "Blue Book of Rules for Girl Scout Captains."

(c) The associated Troop and its officers are registered on exactly the same terms as any other troop, and pay regular annual dues to the Girl Scout National Headquarters. The difference is that the Captain and Lieutenants of the associated troops will be appointed by the Society, and if they meet the general requirements of age and citizenship, will receive commissions without further investigation by the Girl Scouts.

(d) Once registered the associated troop is entitled to all the privileges of any Girl Scout Troop, including:
The wearing of the Girl Scout uniform.

Earning and wearing the Class Badges and Proficiency Badges.

Receiving the Life Saving Medals and other Medals of Merit.

Attendance at Girl Scout Rallies, Camps and Conferences.

(e) The associated Troop will retain the title of its own society and be known, for example, as "Girls' Friendly Girl Scouts."

Captains and Lieutenants will be specifically commissioned as officers of the Society's Troops.

(f) The associated troop will remain an integral part of its own society, provided that the training of the girls as Scouts will be subject to the supervision and inspection of the Local Council of the Girl Scouts.

Whenever a kindred society wishes to make any special rules or by-laws, relating to the associated troop, those should be submitted to the local Girl Scout Headquarters for approval.

(g) Associated troops may have their own Troop Committees.

(h) Associated troops should be represented on the Local Council of Girl Scouts.

(i) An associated Society may appoint an organizer to encourage the development of Girl Scout troops within its own members. This organizer would hold no commission from the Girl Scout organization, but would be the link between the governing board of the society, and the Local Council of Girl Scouts. These are the main points in a general scheme of cooperation which can be adapted by mutual agreement to suit individual cases. Any society for women or girls may use the Girl Scout Program or any part of it as they wish, provided that they do not use the name "Girl Scouts," or the uniform, or the distinctive insignia. They may do these things only by special agreement as outlined.

Section II—6.

NEW RULINGS

Complaints. Any complaint regarding a Captain should be submitted to the Officers' Association in writing, to be acted upon by a Committee of that Association. When the complaint deals with personalities, it should be referred to the Officers' Association.

Officers' Association. The Captain and Lieutenants should form an association for mutual benefit and conference and good times. They should meet monthly. One of their chief objects should be the development of informal training classes for new and old members. An active Officers' Association can arrange for outside lectures and pool the experiences of its members. It should be represented in the Local Council. (See Model for a Local Girl Scout Council, Constitution III.)

Citizen or Senior Scouts: Eligible:

(a) First Class Scout sixteen or over; (b) any girl of eighteen or over. Requirements: for girls not First Class Scouts—(1) Tenderfoot tests; (2) tests making up the group "Scout Aid"; that is, First Aid, Home Nurse, Home Maker, Health Guardian and Health Winner, and either Child Nurse or Cook. (3) Citizen. After passing these tests she is registered at National Headquarters as a citizen scout. Full program now in press.

Service Stripes. Stripes two inches long and one-quarter of an inch wide, similar to those used by the Red Cross, may be worn on the right sleeve, about two inches from the cuff; a silver stripe for five years' service, and a gold stripe for ten years' service.

Identification. Small black band embroidered or woven in buff, giving the name of the city, Troop number and affiliation, may be worn on the right shoulder of the Girl Scout uniform. Not to exceed 3x3 inches, sewed flat over centre of armhole seam, reading from back to front. Each troop must provide its own bands.

Section V—1.

"High collars, either soft or stiff, with black four-in-hand tie with tenderfoot pin just below knot; skirts, eight inches from ground; tan or brown gloves, and low-heeled shoes, either black or tan, with stockings of the same color, should be worn."

Section VIII—1.

After paragraphs on Parades insert:
"No Girl Scout should parade except in uniform. When a scout has no uni-

form, the khaki hat, with the arm band, and white middie blouse, blue skirt, shoes and stockings that match would be acceptable."

Section VIII—1.

Ordinarily only National Flag and Troop Banner should be allowed in parades. If Troop desires to honor foreign visitor, National Flag of the visitor may be carried. Troop flags must be regulation blue and white and may carry name of organization with which the Troop is affiliated.

Section X—1, 2.

Group Badges: delete final sentence "all group badges . . . Headquarters," and insert: "Group badges should be worn in place of individual badges."

Section X—2:

Scout Aide: The requirements are modified as follows:

Scout Aide. Six: 1. First Aide * * *; 2. Home Nurse * * *; 3. Home Maker; 4. Health Winner; 5. Health Guardian * * * and 6. either Child Nurse or Cook.

Special requirements: The Scout Aide Badge is given after application to National Headquarters and filling out a special blank which indicates that (1) the Girl Scout is to be over sixteen. (2) separate tests passed with average of at least 80 per cent. (3) Names of examiners and date of tests with marks.

Section X—3:

To list of badges for Golden Eaglet add: "There is no alternative for swimming in the Athlete Badge when it is being presented as part of the qualifications for the Golden Eaglet."

Section X—3. No award is given for soliciting in a campaign:

"All awards should be qualified for after the child has become a registered scout. In the case of the Life Saving Cross or Medal of Merit for Scholarship, if the child is a candidate during the period in which she saves a life or for part of the school year in which she qualified for the Medal of Merit, the award may be granted.

"No award should be asked for by the person who desires it. The Captain of the Troop should ask for any award for her scouts through the council if one exists, and an award for the Captain should be asked for by some member of the troop or the council."

For paragraph on Gold Star, substitute:

"The Gold Attendance Star is for perfect attendance at all Troop meetings held during one year. If troop meets only eight months, perfect attendance at all meetings during that time is sufficient; if Troops meet only four months two meetings a week should be held; and a minimum of thirty-two meetings will be the qualification for the badge. In all cases the attendance must cover the calendar period of one year before the star is placed on."

Section X—4. Insert:

For every Medal of Merit gained after the first one, a bronze star should be placed on the ribbon of the original medal.

Section X—1. Insert:

"Certificates and Marks." The Girl Scout organization does not accept certificates from schools or other organizations to cover requirements for proficiency badges, if certificate has been granted more than one year previous to date of application.

"There is no fixed rule for passing marks. The examiners must use their judgement. In some cases such as Signalling, or First Aid, the standard should be kept high; in others, where the object is to encourage the formation of good habits and healthy interests, it should be beyond what may be reasonably expected. Thus, for the Health Winner's Badge, a general average of 75 per cent. should suffice except where this is presented for the Scout Aide group badge."

Section XII—1. For Paragraph 2 substitute:

"Uniforms must be made of official khaki. All badges and insignia, buttons and official khaki must be purchased from National Headquarters or other authorized shops. Buttons will not be sold except with uniforms made up, ready-to-sew, or with orders of khaki for uniforms. The sale is restricted to registered scouts and scout officers.

THE FIRST OF MAY

(Continued from page 7)

Queen:—Perchance the minstrel will sing us a lay to enliven the moments as we wait.

Minstrel:—Alas, your highness, I have no heart for singing! This worthless instrument shall ne'er again give tune to happy days, nor shall my sad thoughts be set to music. Through the whole world have I wandered, seeking a beautiful flower, that I might hold it in my hand. Now have I discovered the prettiest flower that grows but alas! I may not pluck it!

(Sounds of fairies' approach within.)

Queen:—Ah, what is this?

(Enter fairies drawing flower decked cart on which stands Marguerita. King, queen, minstrel and Griselda start forward with exclamations.)

Marguerita (to king and queen):—I am Marguerita! Princess! Thy daughter!

King and Queen (astonished):—Thou! Our daughter!

Marguerita (steps down from cart):—Ay! Thy daughter! These good fairy folk, angered by thy doubts, and seeking to teach thee a lesson, did change me to a wench, but now—

Minstrel (rushes forward):—But now—now is indeed my bitterness turned to joy! Princess—my love! Now thou wilt come with me (kisses her hand)!

King:—How now! What says this minstrel to our daughter!

Minstrel:—Oh gracious king, I am indeed no minstrel, but Mysal-ing, Prince of Banziroon. See, here I bring the signet ring of King Theodas, my father, in token of my royalty.

Queen:—Theodas is our strongest but most honorable foe!

Minstrel:—Oh Queen, and thou, oh King, let the walls of enmity be torn asunder and let peace reign between thy house and mine! I did ask the hand of thy daughter, even as wench, but she, knowing mine high degree, refused to share my realm. Now she has become Princess, I do again ask her hand, and of thee, her royal parents.

King:—Mysaling, Prince of Banziroon, welcome! The Princess Marguerita is worthy of the hand of the noblest, and shall wed the son of Theodas and reign with him over Banziroon. And let the bonds of kindred and of friendship be between this land and thine.

(Minstrel kisses Marguerita's hand. Both come forward.)

Marguerita:—

"Oh the first of May is a happy day
And all the world is glad.

E'en the birds and the bees and the
blossoming trees

Are joyful, and none is sad

Then sing a lay to the first of May.

(Music starts lightly and fairies begin to dance slowly and softly)

Wee fairies as you dance by,
And woodland free, keep time with me,

For none is so happy as I!"

(Fairies dance as curtain falls.)

THE END

DETROIT, MICH.

Troop No. 7

Well, you see it was this way: We all wanted to enrichen our treasury very much, so when I suggested that we have a bazaar, the idea was heartily welcomed. It was decided that we would have five booths, the doll booth, candy booth, sticker booth, etc.

The Brownies did their part, too, for they were going to sell pop-corn and candy dollies made by their leader, Phyllis Motl.

Finally the big night came. All the girls did their part, and we had a fine variety of things. We sold cider at five cents a glass, and the Brownies made a small fortune on their dollies, and a finer batch of popcorn than their's was never seen.

You're anxious to know the result? Well, it was *twenty dollars!*

D. McC., Scribe.

Troop No. 11

On January 14 the troop was given a banquet by one of the prominent members of the church. There were twenty-eight girls present and every girl had a delightful time.

The girls of Troop 11 were the guests of the Boy Scouts of Troop 2, at their annual banquet given January 25th. The room was decorated in the troop colors, and the banquet was a great success. A. E., Scribe.

YOUR OWN PICTURE PAGE

If you want to see your pictures of children and camp life in THE AMERICAN GIRL fill in the coupon, paste it on the back of the photograph, and mail it to us—quickly!

To the Photograph Editor of The American Girl:

The attached photograph is submitted for publication in The American Girl. Postage is enclosed for its return if it cannot be used. The American Girl agrees to give it an Honorable Mention should it merit such honor.

Name

Address



A MAY BREAKFAST

One of the most delightful ways of raising money, in the early spring, is by holding a May Breakfast. If it is possible, plan to hold it on the first day of the month.

Be sure to advertise it well, in the newspapers and by posters placed in windows throughout the town. Make the posters attractive, having one of the girls paint them with gay colored flowers with the name, place, cost of breakfast printed upon them.

If your troop is large enough so that the girls can be divided up into two shifts—it will be wise to serve both breakfast and luncheon. Some of the work may be done by outside friends, but as much should be done by the Scout as possible. The Scouts should cook the breakfast and luncheon themselves—this is one of the most important facts to advertise. Mothers and fathers will come a long way to a breakfast or luncheon cooked by their own daughters!

In the first place, use plenty of spring flowers for decoration. The Scouts will enjoy gathering the violets and other flowers—and if it isn't too early for dogwood, quantities of this make stunning wall decoration. Try not to bring the flowers inside until the last minute so that they will keep fresh. (Stale or half dead flowers are most unpleasant!) Flowers and homemade candy may be also for sale.

Each table should have a vase of flowers on it—and the waitresses should wear white. A middie blouse and skirt, a flower (her troop flower pinned on her waist).

A suggestion for a breakfast menu follows:

Fruit, Sausages with Griddle Cakes, or, Bacon and Eggs with Waffles, Hot Muffins or Toast, Coffee with Cream.

It would be very nice indeed to have a menu card on each table. If you want to make them especially dressy why not paint your troop flower in the corner?

Last year the Girl Scouts of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., gave a May Breakfast and cleared \$190.00. THE AMERICAN GIRL would like to hear of your success.



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KAY'S ENCOUNTER

(Continued from page 9)

Kay pointed out to them where the trail had been torn up by Patsey's struggle. Dismounting, the men cautiously examined the ground. At a point where the horse had first been attacked they discovered a small opening in the undergrowth and beyond that, concealed from the trail, an enclosure which had been trampled down by some heavy body. And in the middle of this cunning lair lay the old alligator, sleeping. With a significant nod Mr. Porter put his rifle into Kay's hand. Kay fired three shots. With just one furious swing of his tail the old alligator rolled over, dead.

One of the men excitedly drew Mr. Porter's attention to the bones that littered the lair—big bones, little bones, bones of nearly all the different animals that lived on the Island. The men exchanged glances. Kay did not immediately catch their meaning. But as they started back to the Bungalows, the old alligator across a mule's back, Kay heard Mr. Porter say to the man who had taken care of Patsey:

"The laugh's on me! Old Joe told me two years ago that he reckoned it was the alligators that were driving the game from the Island and I wouldn't listen to him. I told him I didn't want them disturbed. But the old fellow was right! I've learned a lesson—thanks to you, Miss Kay," he turned suddenly to Kay. "Why, that might have been Susanne riding along the path instead of you!" he finished in a lower tone.

"I tell you, Porter, these fellows who've grown up in these parts know more than all your experts put together."

"I think I'll wire that man from Raleigh not to come!"

"I'd say it's an alligator expert you need. I'd clean every last one of 'em from this Island!"

"Well, old Joe'll do that! He's itching for a chance!"

Kay rode with her eyes straight forward but her ears were quivering. Did they mean—did they mean—

"—hunt them all down. I'll give a reward for every single one that's shot. That'll clean 'em out. Well, this has been a good morning's work."

The next day when Kay rode home, escorted by Mr. Porter's own servant leading Patsey, Mr. Porter accompanied her. Kay's heart was singing within her. Susanne's parting kiss burned on her cheek. Susanne was coming in the afternoon and they were going in swimming!

We're Ready, Girl Scouts!

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PKT., 10 CENTS

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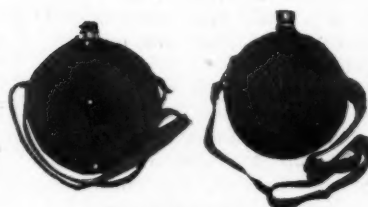


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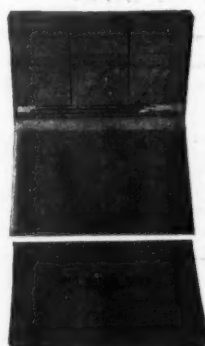


CANTEENS

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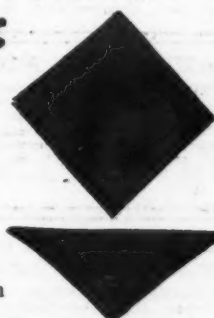
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"Stay! Why of course he can stay. There isn't a man I'd put in his place now!" laughed Mr. Porter.

Oh, the world was very bright! And there was no spot on earth more lovely than her Island—gran'pop's Island!

THE END

LARCHMONT, NEW YORK

A sale was held by Troops 1 and 2 of Larchmont, N. Y., for the purpose of raising money, to contribute to the European Relief Fund for Starving Children.

The affair was managed by the captain of Troop 2, with the eager assistance of all the girls of both troops.

The Scouts and their friends made candies, cake and all kinds of home-made goodies. Many fancy articles were also given, for which eager purchasers were found.

Three generous citizens of the town donated a ham, a chicken, and three squabs, on which chances were taken, at a small sum, which helped to increase the total amount considerably.

The place for the sale was the store of one of the town's tradesmen which he kindly lent for the purpose, and the sum of \$230.00, which was realized, was considerably more than was anticipated.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

Pine Cone Troop, Girl Scouts, was formally organized at the home of Miss Mildred Brown. Miss Brown is captain of the troop with Miss Hester Fearey as lieutenant. Two patrols were formed with Elizabeth Reynolds, Mary Armstrong as leaders. Meetings are to be held on Thursday evenings weekly, probably at the Community building.

Members of the Business Girls' Club will serve as local council for the troop.

If you are planning to go to camp this summer why not send for a catalogue to the people who advertise in The American Girl. They are just the right sort of camps and just the kind of a camp you are looking for!



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Watch this column!

Stamp collecting is a fascinating hobby. Try it.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

During the month of March the Girl Scouts of Montclair and Glen Ridge held a rally at the Montclair High School. One hundred and eighty-six girls and their leaders were present. The program was as follows: Assembly, Opening Meeting Exercises—Call to Colors—Presentation of Badges—Knot Contests—Bandaging Contests—Bed Making Contests—Signalling Demonstration—Original Songs by Troops—Announcement of Winners—Closing Exercises.

At the head of the procession were carried the colors. The troops came to a halt in a hollow square formation. Then, upon command of the officers, the different patrols were formed by their corporals and leaders just as in a regular meeting. The Color Guard Advanced to a position at one end of the square and the regular exercises continued. Miss Cora Nelson, Field Captain for District No. 4, presented the badges, assisted by Commissioner Dutch and Director Valentine. Troops 9 and 11 with nine girls in each, and their captains, first were enrolled. Then the other new Tenderfoot Scouts, some forty in number, stepped forward to receive their Tenderfoot pins. Nine officers were awarded the Second Class badge. Then came the proudest moment of all when thirty-two girls came up and received their Second Class badges.

Sixteen Health Winner badges were awarded, an Artist's badge; three girls received Scribes' badges; five the Cook's badge; two the Civics' badge; four the Needlewoman's badge; and to one captain went a Laundress badge; one a Canner's badge and to three of them, the Dressmaker's badge.

In the knot contests the results were as follows: Bowlin, Troop 8; Clove Hitch, Troop 1; Sheep Shank, Troop 3; Square knot game, Troop 12. The bandaging honors went to Troop 3, Troop 1 was the victor in the bed making. Troop 5 won the prize for the best song, while Troop 11, one of the newest troops and still a small one, had honorable mention. The pennant offered for the patrol showing the best form during the opening meeting exercises went to the Pine Tree Patrol of Troop 5, and Patrol 1 of Troop 7 was a close second. This pennant was offered by Mrs. Dutch, the local Commissioner, and it is to be competed for at each rally held in Montclair, and each winner holds it and sews its emblem upon it until another patrol wins it away.

and this!

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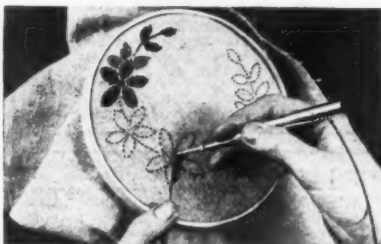
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NOTHING SHORT OF A CYCLONE

(Continued from page 19)

queer when she got up. And then she told us that she was going to let the Sophomore get the toss-up once or twice. I see now; it was because she could not use her right hand."

"But she threw that last basket," one of the bystanders protested.

"I don't see how she ever did," Miss Wood commented. "But she'll be all right in awhile."

Out on the campus the Freshmen were continuing their war dance, and sounds of it reached the group in the gymnasium. It must have roused Gladys, for she opened her eyes a moment later and saw the crowd around her. "What's the matter?" she demanded, and then, in the same breath, "I'm all right."

As if in echo came the shouts of the howling first year girls on the campus. "Who's all right?" Then, in a crescendo roar, "Gladys Hammon's all right!"

THE END.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

April, 1921

	Page
The First of May—By Virginia Matthias	5
Kay's Encounter—By Jane Abbott	
<i>Illustrated by Joseph Franke..</i>	8
Nothing Short of a Cyclone—By Willis K. Jones	
<i>Illustrated by Thelma Gooch..</i>	10
Scribes' Corner—News from Abroad	12
Our Party Page	14
1st. G. S. T. S., Pine Tree Camp	15
The Universal Language of the Wilds—By El Comanche.....	15
Early Spring Sports—Picture Spread	16
Philadelphia Girl Scouts	18
A Roof Garden	19
More Scout News for You.....	20
Moving Picture Department....	21
Captains' Department	22
Money Making Department	23
Donations to Hoover Fund	28

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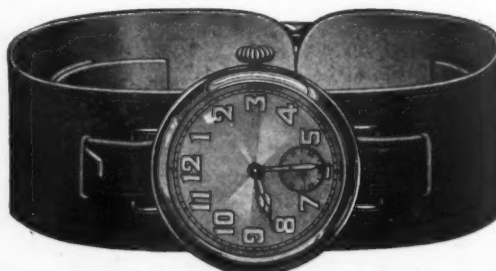
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SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

American Girl Scouts

This is a picture of the watches listed by the Girl Scout National Supply Dep't.

15 Jewel Nickel
Case\$10.00
7 Jewel Nickel
Case\$5.00



John T. Mauran Mfg. Company
Providence, R. I.

Such a watch cannot be purchased more reasonably elsewhere.

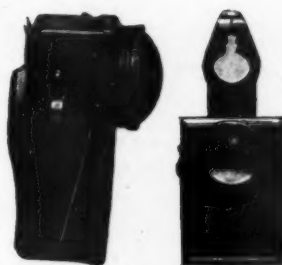
Can be read as easily at night as in day time.

FEATURES IN GIRL SCOUT SHOP



RAINCOAT

Girl Sizes 6 to 16..... \$6.00
 Juniors 15 to 19..... 8.00



Handy Flashlight, Price, \$1.90



RAIN CAPE

Girl Sizes 6 to 16..... \$7.00
 Junior Sizes 15 to 19..... 10.50

Official Price List of Flags

AMERICAN FLAGS

SIZE	MATERIAL	PRICE
2x3 ft.	Wool (Size used with small Troop Flag)	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50

STAFFS
DESCRIPTION

½ in. x 6 ft.	Plain	\$.30
1 in. x 7 ft.	Jointed with Eagle	4.90
1 in. x 7 ft.	Jointed with Spear	3.40

TROOP FLAGS

SIZE	MATERIAL	PRICE EACH	PRICE FOR LETTERING.
22x36 in.	Cotton and Wool	\$2.50	10c per letter
2 ½ x4 ft.	Wool	6.35	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Cotton and Wool	5.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	7.35	15c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	9.10	20c " "

Make Your Own Uniforms at Home and Save Money

With our "Ready to Sew" garments any Girl Scout can make her own uniform in a "Jiffy" and have one that fits better, looks better and is better. Material all cut out. Illustrated charts and complete instruction with each garment.

Prices of Ready To Sew Uniforms

Size	10	12	14	16	18	38	40	42
Long Coat	\$3.80	\$3.80	\$3.80	\$3.80	\$3.80	\$4.40	\$4.40	\$4.40
Short Coat & Skirt	5.35	5.35	5.35	5.35	5.35	6.35	6.35	6.35
Skirts, Extra ...	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	3.00	3.00	3.00
Bloomers	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.25	2.50	2.50	2.50
Shirt Waist ...	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	2.00	2.00	2.00

Notice

With each ready to sew garment the necessary buttons and G. S. lapels are given FREE

Girl Scout National Supply Dept.

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE
 NEW YORK CITY

OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT UNIFORMS



LONG COAT
READY MADE

Size 10 to 18.....	\$4.50
Size 38 to 42.....	5.00
READY TO SEW	
Size 10 to 18.....	3.80
Size 38 to 42.....	4.40



OFFICIAL KHAKI HAT
Price, \$1.75

HEAD	all sizes	SIZE
20 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.		6 $\frac{1}{4}$
21 $\frac{1}{4}$ "		6 $\frac{3}{4}$
21 $\frac{3}{4}$ "		7
22 "		7 $\frac{1}{4}$
22 $\frac{3}{4}$ "		7 $\frac{1}{2}$
22 $\frac{3}{4}$ "		7 $\frac{3}{4}$
23 $\frac{1}{4}$ "		7 $\frac{3}{4}$
23 $\frac{1}{4}$ "		7 $\frac{3}{4}$
23 $\frac{3}{4}$ "		7 $\frac{3}{4}$
24 $\frac{1}{4}$ "		7 $\frac{3}{4}$
24 $\frac{3}{4}$ "		8



SHORT COAT AND SKIRT SUIT
READY MADE

Size 10 to 18.....	\$7.00
Size 38 to 42.....	8.00
READY TO SEW	
Size 10 to 18	5.35
Size 38 to 42	6.35



SHIRT WAIST AND BLOOMERS

SHIRT WAIST

READY MADE

Size 10 to 18.....	\$2.50
Size 38 to 42.....	2.75
READY TO SEW	
Size 10 to 18.....	1.75
Size 38 to 42.....	2.00

MIDDY BLOUSES

READY MADE

White, Natural, Tan	
Sizes 10 to 42.....	\$2.00

BLOOMERS (Khaki)

READY MADE

Sizes 10 to 42.....	\$2.75
READY TO SEW	
Size 10 to 18.....	\$2.25
Size 38 to 42.....	2.50



MIDDY BLOUSE AND BLOOMERS

(Please Order by Size)

National Supply Department

(GIRL SCOUTS)

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE

New York City

